The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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CARDINAL HAYES SPEAKS OUT

ACCORDING to the press accounts given of the affair, the mass meeting conducted under the auspices of the American Birth Control League, in Carnegie Hall, New York, on December 2, endorsed unanimously by a rising vote of the 2,500 men and women making up the audience, a resolution "that all agencies administering family relief inform mothers on relief where they may secure medical advice as to family limitation in accord with their religious convictions." Speaker after speaker, described as "religious and social work leaders," pleaded for dissemination among the needy of knowledge of sources of birth control information. "Ranks of the needy had been swollen by the depression, with the result that 250,000 babies were born each year to mothers on relief, it was said." Therefore, so it would seem, the thing to do, in the judgment of these "religious and social work leaders" is not to help the needy parents to care for their children, but rather to use their poverty as a club to teach them how to prevent babies being born to them. And in case the poor parents "were too dull to be taught birth control"—in other words, if the poor parents were normal human beings, believing, as normal human beings always do, that children are desirable, as life even when difficult is always preferable to death, especially suicidal death—why, then, such stupid people should be taught how to mutilate and degrade their manhood and womanhood by "voluntary sterilization." It is to be presumed that when they refuse to do so, compulsory sterilization will be the next step to be urged by the birth prevention zealots.

Another speaker, Rabbi Goldstein, chairman of the Commission on Social Justice of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, "deplored the refusal of the Catholic Church to participate in the conference"—which, so the *Herald Tribune* reported, filed into Carnegie Hall as "the organ

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softly played 'Kiss Me Again,' and 'I'm in the Mood for Love.'" But if the Catholic Church refused to be represented in the Manichean symposium in Carnegie Hall, the most authoritative spokesman for the Catholic Church in New York, Cardinal Hayes, the Archbishop of the diocese, lost no time in accepting the challenge flung at his Church, by preaching from his cathedral pulpit on the Sunday following the birth prevention demonstration a sermon which most justly exposed the perversion of morality, and the insolent treatment of the victims of the depression, and the topsy-turvy economic remedy advocated by the birth controllers. The Cardinal changed the regular assignment of preachers to occupy the pulpit himself. He denounced as "effrontery" the action of "a smug Carnegie Hall audience." Speaking "as one who gives place to no man in love for his country," he denounced the proponents of birth control as "Prophets of Decadence" who "would fly in the face of God and bring ruin and disaster to the land and to the civilization that some among us, at least, still cherish.

"Who are these people that sit in soft garments and offer affront to the poor? Are they a race apart, superior beings with a special commission to order the lives of others less fortunate in worldly goods than themselves? And the women among them, who would enjoin the poor from motherhood, are they taking over from the poor the responsibilities of motherhood because they are the better able to bear the burden? You know that they are not. The true lover of the poor today," he asserted, "and the true social scientist, knows that the right approach to the whole problem is not to keep people from having children, but is so to reorder our economic and social structure as to make it possible for people to have children and to rear them in keeping with their needs. Therein lies true social leadership; in birth prevention lies social degradation.

"In the deliberate frustration of the marriage privilege the Church sees an act *intrinsically evil.* It is wrong not because of ill effects that may follow in its train, not because of any conceivable set of circumstances that might attend it. It would be equally wrong even though in a particular instance it might be thought to effect material good. Evil is not to be done that good may come of it, as Saint Paul wrote to the Christians of Rome.

"For the preservation of the race God has given man the natural faculty of reproducing his kind. The exercise of this faculty for pleasure alone, with the natural result prevented by artificial means, is a perversion of this faculty, and he who does so is as the liar, the glutton and the drunkard. He misuses a gift of God, he offends against nature, and so performs an act which is condemned by God and by His Church, and which nothing can make right.

"This teaching of the Church does not mean, as sometimes those ignorant of the Church's doctrine or hostile to her assert, that Catholics are required to have as many children as they can, nor that husband and wife must, each time they make use of the marital privilege, intend that relationship solely for the purpose of procreation. Canon law recognizes a secondary end to marriage, that of mutual love and assistance. It requires only that the primary end, which is the procreation of children, never be excluded, nor means be taken to prevent the natural consequence of the marriage act from ensuing. It is this positive interference with the normal processes of nature that constitutes birth control, or more accurately birth prevention, as condemned by the Church. President Theodore Roosevelt called birth control by its right name, race suicide. History bears testimony to the part that the refusal of parenthood has played in the decline and fall of great civilizations. Today in our own country the same process is already well under way. Our population is no longer reproducing itself. If judged by this standard, the United States is already a dying nation. Yet these Prophets of Decadence call for fewer and fewer births. As one who gives place to no man in love for his country, I regard such as false prophets."

Once again the Cardinal stressed the fact that this nation is under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, fountain of purity and exemplar of motherhood.

In a recent publication entitled, "Population Trends and the National Welfare," by O. E. Baker and T. B. Manny, issued by the federal government, the rapid decline of the population of the United States is startlingly proved. Since 1924 there was a decrease of 55,000 births a year until 1930, when the depression effects lowered the figures about 100 percent; that is, from 1930 to 1933 there was a yearly decrease of 100,000. For 1934 there was a slight increase in births, because of the greater number of marriages in 1933 over those of the worst depression years. In 1934 itself, however, while the births were slightly more, marriages again declined, so that births are unlikely to have increased in 1935. The declining birth-rate first began, of course, in an industrial region, Southern New England, and "gradually spread, with the development of industry and commerce," throughout the land. The birth prevention advocates, no doubt, have aided the Moloch of materialistic industrialism; but, as the Catholic Church steadfastly has taught, and as the Cardinal Archbishop of New York now so powerfully proclaims, not birth prevention but the reconstruction of our economic and social structure is the only true and just method of aiding the poor and stemming the tide of national decadence which has already so menacingly begun.

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Week by Week

POLITICAL skies were gloomy as the London Naval Conference opened. In Africa an old native kingdom was fighting for its life, as thousands of bombs tumbled from the sky upon men, women and children. Another section of ancient China was being entered in the credit side of the Japanese ledger. These facts—and they are not the only facts of the same kind—indicated that the diplomatic policy of the past fifteen years has not managed to check even rampant imperialism. Reliance upon war as the sole effective international instrument is manifestly spreading, and the last-minute stand by the League of Nations is all that has prevented the application of the principle of territorial expansionism to Europe. Under circumstances like these, it is scarcely to be hoped that so vital a matter as the regulation of naval armament should be easily disposed of. The three major sources of disagreement are: first, the unwillingness of Japan to accept less than absolute parity with the United States; second, the permission accorded Germany by Great Britain to construct a navy rivaling those of France and Italy; third, the dissatisfaction of other countries with the status of German sea power. It is only too probable that a race for domination may be just around the corner, limited only by the willingness of the several nations to raise large sums for construction. The effect of such a finale to the debates now in progress upon the peace and prosperity of world society might well be incalculable.

The Trend of Events

SEVERAL declarations by Mr. Roosevelt indicate that he considers the offensive taken by the New Deal to be complete. The legislation enacted is to form the charter of an America conscious of having outgrown the horse-and-buggy days, and determined to master social problems according to the recipes laid down. It must be admitted that in bulk the new laws are impressive, and that understanding them is hardly yet a popular pastime. Nevertheless the consequence of reaching a halt is to find oneself on the defensive. The present is a time when almost every enactment is being challenged, either by those who resent the administration's experiments in collectivism or by those who feel that not enough has been achieved. We are inclined to think that in many respects the challengers will triumph. The New Deal was by and large in too great a hurry, governed as its exponents were by the fear that resistance would eventually prove insurmountable. But whatever else may fall by the wayside, the following discoveries will surely remain. The nation has found out that the information about its basic economic activities is insufficient, and that regulating something one does not fully understand is precarious. Doubtless it was for this reason that NRA, in numerous ways the best part of the Roosevelt program, was fated to fail. The nation has likewise found out that its fundamental constitutional law is still unexplored, and that its courts badly require a fresh interpretation of attitudes quite legitimate though not inherited from Marshall and Taney. Finally the nation has learned—and this is at the moment so impressive—that the question of the administrative function of government is an exceedingly complex and difficult one. Sound principles of engineering practise must be applied to the federal system as a whole, if authority is not to break down at critical moments (as it has been breaking down) or if interlapping powers are not to indulge in constant and fatal quarreling. Should the Roosevelt administration concentrate on these matters, the job of being on the defensive would be far less hazardous and immensely more interesting.

Mr. Roosevelt on the Defensive

WE WERE considerably surprised that those who oppose participation in the Berlin games of 1936 mustered so much strength at the convention of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. What the convention did was to adopt by a margin of two and a half votes a resolution expressing "hope and desire" to participate in the games, but recognizing that "conditions still exist in Germany under which it would be difficult for the Olympic Games to be held in accordance with the fundamental principles thereof." It voted down a proposal to send an investigating commission of three to Germany for the purpose of ascertaining whether conditions favored American participation. With these decisions, we find ourselves reasonably content. A ringing refusal to underwrite the trip was out of the question, since in athletic circles unanimity toward Hitler does not exist. To have pushed through a non-participation policy by a narrow margin would have created a great deal of bitterness which can now be avoided. We have every reason to believe that the antis will not give up the fight, but will devote their impressive energies toward promoting rival games. Thus they will avoid giving offense to those who feel that in accordance with American ideals freedom of choice should be granted. To this last we dedicate ourselves anew. We believe that the Catholic cause is aided primarily by the sacrifices made for it. And we are convinced that if one Catholic athlete renounces the opportunity accorded him there will be more reason for rejoicing than if a dozen others win athletic laurels.

The Olympics Decision

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In accordance with this philosophy we shall devote ourselves during coming weeks to demonstrating as effectively as we can that solidarity in the Faith is the remedy for ills like those which Catholic Germany is experiencing in such overflowing measure.

A Man Worth Knowing

WE REGRET that it is not possible to issue "The Triptych of the Three Kings," our Christmas "feature" for this year, in one instalment. But though the reader will have to piece the two parts together with a week intervening, we believe that he will feel amply rewarded for the trouble. Felix Timmermans has appeared once previously in American print, the occasion being "Peter Brueghel," a biographical novel. Unfortunately few read the book, despite its quality and interest. We believe that fate will be kinder to the present tale, which the translator hopes to issue soon in book form. At any rate, Timmermans is one of the genuinely impressive among living Catholic creative writers. Flemish is his language, and the circumstance that it is relatively unused—that its nouns and adjectives have not been worn smooth by constant use—doubtless helps to give his prose the extraordinary colorfulness and magic which it keeps for all who read the original. He resembles his countryman Rubens in a flare for the sheer joy of living, but is as careful of detail and as fond of symbolism new style as Van Gogh himself. The world he summons up is different from that in which we live. It retains a peasant flavor, but is rich in the beauty of our earth and in the beauty not of earth. But one would be mistaken in fancying that Timmermans ever relinquishes his allegiance to Brueghel, whose thought plunges upon occasion like a cork. We are grateful for the chance to introduce him to readers who, we hope, will be the nucleus of a future audience of generous size.

"To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime"

THE PRINCIPLE of punishment in kind has a good deal to commend it. Of course its use must be adjusted to the present level of law and accepted tradition. It is no longer morally, let alone legally, possible, for example, to cure the thief by cutting off his hand—if, indeed, that drastic measure ever did cure him, collectively speaking. But, considering the matter in terms of the present, there are other interesting things which may be done with the idea; as has been demonstrated more than once in late years by the experiments of this or that judicial mind. Graver examples might be cited, but our present interest lies in the increasing application of the principle to the problem of the uninhibited motorist. The chief punishment, of course, is the temporarily revoked or the permanently canceled driving license; and while it is not so widespread as we ourselves should like to see it, still it is a definitely recognized expedient, and will probably be more generally applied in the future. A lesser penalty, which yet should effectually supplement fixed legal punishments, is the requirement laid by certain magistrates upon those guilty in motor crashes to visit and observe their victims. And now one of the municipal judges of Los Angeles has devised a treatment for drivers whose strange mentality prompts them to run through stop signals. They must stand in a dunce cap before a court blackboard and write out their promise of amendment a thousand times. This, in its suitability, is worthy of "The Mikado." It may not be productive of "innocent merriment" in the non-stop maniacs under correction; but it is on the level which they understand, and is probably the only conceivable method which can produce salutary results with them.

Hiring Athletes

MUCH time has been spent diagnosing the athlete, but little progress has been made toward curing him of a major ill. "We are," said Dr. Wilson Ferrand recently to a convention of professors and teachers, "reluctantly forced to the conclusion that it is not feasible to enforce the standard we have set up, against the evident belief on the part of a number of colleges that the subsidizing of athletes is a proper procedure." That statement is as plain as day. The colleges have stated that their teams are amateur aggregations of students who, since Jack would not be a dull boy, have staged contests between hours devoted to hard study. But in the realm of plain fact, they have found out that the stadium is their best promotion medium. It not only advertises and sells the institution, but actually pays money into the treasury. The teams are professional excepting that a blanket of decency enfolds the goings on. Morally speaking, frank and free hiring or firing would doubtless be preferable to the careful evasions which so often characterize the remarks of prexies on the topic. Why shouldn't the campus hero capitalize on his punting ability, or get a raise if he cracks the line harder? Yet one must not unduly simplify the problem. Few college athletes (excepting a number of genuine ringers) look upon themselves as professionals. They have a touching willingness to be taught, and are generally animated by an ardent love for Alma Mater. "Gifts" are to them not pay, but forms of first aid. To alter their status would mean depriving them of a great educational opportunity. Why should it not be possible to come clean, put the actual facts down in print, and see what could be done thereafter? Why give the impression that a skeleton dwells in the closet?

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SANTA CLAUS AND SCIENCE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

I WISH the subject I discuss here in a short article could be discussed in a big book, or a long series of books. I rather fancy that, if it could really be reduced to its elements, we should find the elementary truth about Catholicism and Protestantism and the present problem of our civilization. It would perhaps explain why, in the coming Christmas, many millions of our mature fellow creatures, so far from hanging up their stockings to have them filled, will rather hang up their hearts and heads and find them empty; and why they will continue to enact a fable for children to believe in, and for children who do not believe in it. For the sake of brevity, let me sum up such a scientific monograph under the heads of three or four questions.

First, who was Santa Claus or who was he supposed to be? Why do we actually describe this domestic and familiar figure by a name in a foreign language that few of us know? Why should a sort of uncle or grandfather so intimate that he is allowed to enter by the chimney, instead of the front-door, have on his visiting-card the rather florid name of a distinguished foreigner? The answer is important. It is because in my country the saints really have crept back again like spies. Saint Nicholas of the Children may not come through the chimney like a burglar; but he was really admitted through the front-door only as a foreigner. It is part of a paradox, that Protestant England satisfied its intense insularity mainly by the use of foreign words. For instance, men cannot do without the image of the Mother of God; the veritable Queen of Hearts, with every sort of lovers in every sort of land. But the Victorians got over her omnipresence in all art by calling her "a Madonna," whatever that may mean. As it was British to talk of Mary only in Italian, so it was British to talk of Saint Nicholas only in German. So we could tap all the traditional poetry of Christendom, without calling it Catholic or even Christian. It was a sort of smuggling; we could import Nicholas without paying the tax to Peter.

Second, everybody could then dispose themselves in elegant attitudes of sad sympathy and patronizing pity; over a mere fairy-tale for children, which children themselves must soon abandon. Santa Claus has passed into a proverb of illusion and disillusion. A man wrote a poem about how he had ceased to believe in Santa Claus at the age of seven and in God at the age of seventeen; and explained how he really regretted God not much more than Santa Claus. The notion that the thing had ever had any relation to any religion, or that that religion had ever had any relation to any reason, or that it had been a part of a real philosophy with a fringe of popular fancies but a body of moral fact, never occurred to anybody. And I startled some honest Protestants lately by telling them that, though I am (unfortunately) no longer a child, I do most definitely believe in Santa Claus; though I prefer to talk about him in my own language. I believe that Saint Nicholas is in heaven, accessible to our prayers for anybody; if he was supposed to be specially accessible to prayers of children, as being their patron, I see no reason why he should not be concerned with human gifts to children. I do not suppose that he comes down the chimney; but I suppose he could if he liked. The point is that, for me, there is *not* that complete chasm or cutting off of all relations with the religion of childhood, which is now common in those who began by starting a new religion and have ended by having no religion.

Third, do our contemporaries really know even the little that there is to know about the roots, or possible origins, of such romances of popular religion? I myself know very little; but a really complete monograph on Santa Claus might raise some very interesting questions. For instance, Saint Nicholas of Bari is represented in a well-known Italian picture of the later Middle Ages, not only as performing the duty of a gift-bringer, but as actually doing it by the methods of a burglar. He is represented as climbing up the grille or lattice of a house, solely in order to drop little bags of gold among the members of a poor family, consisting of an aged man and three beautiful daughters who had no money for their wedding dowries. That is another question for our contemporaries: why were celibate saints so frightfully keen on getting other people married? But anyhow, I give this only as an example out of a hundred, which might well be followed up if only grown-up people could be induced to take Santa Claus seriously. It looks as if it might be the root of the legend. To see a saint climbing up the front of our house would seem to most of us as odd as seeing a saint climbing down our chimney. Very probably neither of the things happened; but it might be worth while even for scientific critics to find out what actually did happen.

Fourth, what do our great modern educationists, our great modern psychologists, our great makers of a new world, mean to *do* about the

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breach between the imagination and the reason, if only in the passage from the infant to the man? Is the child to live in a world that is entirely fanciful and then find suddenly that it is entirely false? Or is the child to be forbidden all forms of fancy; or in other words, forbidden to be a child? Or is he, as we say, to have some harmless borderland of fancy in childhood, which is still a part of the land in which he will live; *in terra viventium,* in the land of living men? Cannot the child pass from a child's natural fancy to a man's normal faith in Holy Nicholas of the Children, without enduring that bitter break and abrupt disappointment which no wmarks the passage of a child from a land of make-believe to a world of no belief?

AAA AND THE CONSTITUTION

By MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY

IT HAS not escaped the notice of the "man on the street" that the owners and managers of capital, as an economic group in our population, oppose the power of government to regulate the conduct of individuals in the conduct of the nation's business. They oppose social legislation of every type. Their chief reliance in maintaining this anti-social attitude, strange to say, is the Constitution of the United States.

This highly privileged class stresses the "due process" as against the "welfare" clause of the Constitution, the letter against the spirit; in effect, they maintain that property rights are superior to human rights, unmindful of the fact that the maintenance of property rights depends upon the protection afforded the individual citizen by the Constitution. They seek to circumscribe the powers of the federal government under the commerce clause to the regulation of the transport of merchandise and commodities from one place to another across state lines. Every effort by the federal government, under the commerce clause of the Constitution, to regulate the business relations of the citizens of one state with the citizens of another, is met by the smug reference to the pronouncement by the Supreme Court that "production is not commmerce." This is self-evident, but methods of production within a state can be such as to retard or destroy interstate commerce, in which case the Congress, in our opinion, has the power to exclude goods so produced from interstate commerce without in the least abridging the rights of citizens of any state to conduct production in any manner permitted by the laws of such state, provided of course that the goods are for consumption within that state.

The principal difficulty seems to be in agreeing upon a definition of commerce. The Supreme Court in its decision in the case of Gibbons v. Ogden (9 Wheaton, page 68), gives a definition of commerce of paramount importance in the debate over the reciprocal powers and duties of the federal government and the states in the matter of interstate commerce. The Court's definition in part is as follows: "Commerce, undoubtedly, is traffic, but it is something more: it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations, and parts of nations, in all its branches, and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse."

It is clear that in the mind of the Supreme Court, at least in the above decision, interstate commerce is business intercourse between citizens of the several states in the Union. It would follow that Congress has the power under the Constitution to prescribe rules for carrying on business intercourse among the citizens of the several states to promote and preserve interstate commerce. Such rules perhaps could be most effectively prescribed by the Congress requiring federal charters for corporations doing an interstate business.

The statement was frequently made in the lowest depths of the depression in 1932, by many, even the most reactionary financiers and captains of industry, that the system of distribution (of goods and services) had broken down in the United States. It had broken down because the owners of capital insisted upon so large a proportion of the national income that the purchasing power of workers and farmers had been curtailed to the point that the exchange of goods and services between the citizens of the various states (interstate commerce), was so obstructed that the economic machinery of the nation had all but collapsed.

The preservation of commerce between the several states depends upon the workers and farmers, the major consuming groups in our population, receiving a larger proportion of the national income to maintain purchasing power at a level at which capital can be profitably employed in industry. It is clear that the preservation of interstate commerce depends upon the establishment of a just relation in the income of the numerically small group of owners of capital and the vast majority of the population, as represented in the worker and farmer groups. The power to regulate interstate commerce most certainly includes the power to "prescribe rules" of business intercourse to establish this just relation.

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We further conclude from the above that the power of the federal government to regulate interstate commerce must necessarily include the power to regulate business intercourse among the citizens of the various states by enunciating social standards for production in industry and agriculture that are necessary to preserve interstate commerce. The attempt to raise the purchasing power of the worker group through the NIRA was found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court principally because it did not enunciate social standards. The result is that business is getting better, profits increase faster than real wages, unemployment continues to be our paramount social and economic problem and no progress is made in attaining a wider distribution of the national income to increase purchasing power.

The Court of last resort will, within a comparatively short time, render a decision as to the constitutionality of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. This was emergency legislation to rescue agriculture from the collapse which overtook it in 1932. The original Act was amended in the last session of Congress to meet Constitutional objections. The increased purchasing power among the farmers since its enactment has concededly been a determining factor in recovery through an increased demand for the products of industry. The AAA was an attempt to raise the prices of agricultural products to a parity with the prices of products of industry, so that the farmer would receive for his product a price comparable to that which he paid for the products of industry.

It should be remembered that through tariff protection the federal government imposes a duty on imported manufactures, theoretically to protect American labor from the lower wage scales for labor in foreign countries. It is a tax levied by the federal government on the consumer through the maintenance of artificial prices, the greater proportion of which, however, has been taken by the owners of capital instead of being passed on to labor. The principle of the AAA is the same. The government levies a tax on consumers through processing taxes, which is paid to the producers of agricultural products to bring their prices up to a parity with prices for the products of industry. There are differences in detail in the application of the protective tariff to benefit industry and labor and the AAA to benefit farmers, but the principle is the same. If the former is justified it would seem that the latter is necessary. It is worth considering what might be the effect if both were gradually abolished.

Should the AAA, as amended in the last session of Congress, be found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, it is conceivable that agriculture may again sink to the depths of its position in 1932, when the farmers had no incentive to feed the nation as their products were selling substantially below the cost of production.

It is inconceivable that the small group represented by the owners of capital, insist upon the perpetuation of its privileges at the expense of workers and farmers, which will eventually destroy it. In the effort to preserve their unjust privileges the owners of capital are "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." Half a loaf is better than no bread, particularly when the loaf is twice as large as it ever had any right to be.

It is certainly within the power of Congress, acting under the commerce clause of the Constitution, to regulate "business intercourse" between the citizens of the various states in a manner to insure a more equitable distribution of the national income as between the owners of capital, workers and farmers to prevent the collapse of the economic life of the nation. This cannot be accomplished by increasing the national debt to pay doles to the unemployed as government thereby engages itself to pay interest indefinitely on such borrowings to the owners of capital on unproductive loans. It cannot be accomplished by constantly increasing taxes which diminish the national income, eventually to the detriment of workers and farmers. It can be to a considerable extent accomplished (1) by Congress enunciating social standards, nationally, in establishing living wages by the year, of a stipulated number of work days, for workers engaged in the production of goods, adequate to provide consumption needs, that are destined to move in interstate commerce: (2) by abolishing tariff subsidies to industry; and (3) by creating a federal agency to provide consumers with continuous and accurate information on demand and supply, production costs, prices, etc.

Minimum wages by the hour for a fixed number of hours per day is a cruel delusion. Subsidies to industry aggravate the maldistribution of wealth and the ignorance of consumers breeds fraud and social injustice. Increased purchasing power for workers with equality established between industry and agriculture and consumers intelligently informed, would go a long way toward creating a commodity price structure in which all classes of the citizenry would receive just rewards for the contribution each makes to the welfare of the people as a whole. Somewhere between the extremes of the unregulated profit urge and "production for use," a compromise is possible, which may retard the disintegration of our social and economic order until such time as a fundamental solution could be attained.

Unless an equitable distribution of the national income, envisaged above, can be brought about by congressional action, the Union of forty-eight states in the United States of America will eventually be destroyed by sectional greed and class strife.

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TRIPTYCH OF THE THREE KINGS

By FELIX TIMMERMANS

I. Centerpiece

THE DAY before, toward dusk, a creaky little kermis wagon passed down the street. It was drawn through the falling snow by an old man and a dog. Through the window pane, one saw the pale face of a young, slender woman. Her eyes were large and troubled. They had gone by, and those who had seen them thought no more about it. . . .

It was Christmas day and the air stood frozen crystal clear, pale blue over the wide world bedecked with white fur.

The lame shepherd Suskewiet, the eel-fisher Pitjevogel with his bald head, and the blear-eyed beggar Schrobberbeeck went from house to house dressed as the three Holy Kings. With them they carried a cardboard star which turned on a wooden pole, a stocking to hold the money which they collected and a double-sack for food. They had turned their shabby coats inside out. The shepherd had on a high hat, Schrobberbeeck wore a crown of flowers left over from the last procession, and Pitjevogel, who turned the star, had smeared his face with shoe blacking.

It had been a good year with a fat harvest. Every peasant had a pig in brine, and now they sat puffing at their pipes with their paunches before the warm stoves and, carefree, awaited the coming of spring.

Suskewiet, the shepherd, knew such lovely pious songs of olden days, Pitjevogel turned the star with such regularity and the beggar made such pitiful, convincing beggar's eyes, that when the red moon came up, the foot of the stocking was filled with money and the sack was blown up like a bellows. It was full of bread, ham bones, apples, pears and sausage.

They were in the best of spirits and nudged each other with their elbows. They could already taste the long swigs of "vitriol" they would enjoy later in the evening in the Water Nymph. They would round out their empty bellies with the good tasty food and make them so taut that one could squash a flea on them.

It was not until the peasants had put out their lamps and had gone yawning to bed, that they stopped their singing and began to count their money in the clear moonlight. Boy, O boy! Gin for a whole week! And they could even buy some fresh meat and tobacco as well.

With the star on his shoulder the black Pitjevogel stamped quickly ahead and the other two followed, their mouths watering. Gradually a strange feeling of oppression came over their rough souls. They were silent. Was it because of all the white snow on which the pale moon stared down so fixedly? Or was it the mighty ghost-like shadows of the trees? Or was it because of their own shadows? Or was it this silence, the silence of moonlit snow, in which not even an owl was heard nor a dog's bark from near or far?

But these lovers and loafers of out-of-the-way streets and unfrequented river banks and fields were not easily frightened. They had seen much that was wonderful in their life. Will-o'-the-wisps, spooks and even real ghosts. But this was something different. Something like the choking fear at the approach of some great happiness. It closed in around their hearts.

The beggar took courage and said, "I am not afraid."

"I'm not either," said each of the others at the same time. Their voices trembled.

"Today is Christmas," comforted Pitjevogel.

"And God will be born anew," added the shepherd with childish piety.

"Is it true that the sheep will then stand with their heads turned toward the East?" asked Schrobberbeeck.

"Yes, and the bees will sing and fly."

"And you will be able to see right through the water," said Pitjevogel, "but I have never done it."

Again there was this silence, which was different from silence. It was as if one could feel a soul trembling in the moonlight.

"Do you believe that God will really come to earth again?" the beggar asked timidly, thinking of his sins.

"Yes," said the shepherd, "but where, no one knows. . . . He only comes for one night."

Their hard shadows now ran before them and increased their fear. Suddenly they noticed that they had lost their way. It was the fault of the endless snow which had covered over the frozen streams, the roads and the entire countryside. They stood still and looked around; all about was snow and moonlight, and here and there trees but no house, and even the familiar mill was nowhere to be seen. They had gone astray, and in the moonlight they could see the fear in each other's eyes.

"Let us pray," begged Suskewiet, the shepherd, "then no evil can happen to us."

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The beggar and the shepherd mumbled a Hail Mary. Pitjevogel began to mutter, for since his First Communion he had forgotten how to pray.

They went around a clump of bushes and it was then that Pitjevogel saw a stream of friendly light in the distance. Without saying a word, but breathing more easily, they went toward it. And suddenly a miracle happened. All three saw and heard it but they did not dare to speak of it. They heard the humming of bees and under the snow, where the ditches were, it was as light as if lamps were burning there. And against a row of dreaming willows there stood a lame kermis wagon and candle-light shone from its window.

Pitjevogel climbed up the small steps and knocked. A friendly old man with a beard opened the door. He did not seem astonished at their strange dress, the star or the black face.

"We have come to ask you the way," Pitjevogel stammered.

"The way is here," said the man, "come in."

Amazed at this answer they followed obediently and in the corner of the cold empty wagon they saw a young woman. She wore a blue hooded mantle and held a very small new-born babe at her breast. A large yellow dog lay at her side with his faithful head on her lean knees. Her eyes were dreaming in sadness but, as she saw the men, they filled with friendliness and confidence. Even the little child, whose head was still covered with down and whose eyes were like little slits, laughed at them and seemed particularly pleased with the black face of Pitjevogel.

Schrobberbeeck saw the shepherd kneel down and take off his high hat. He too knelt down and took the procession crown from his head and suddenly began to regret the many sins that were on his conscience. And then Pitjevogel bent his knee as well. And as they knelt sweet voices swelled about them and a heavenly happiness, greater than any joy, filled them. And none of them knew why.

In the meantime the old man tried to start a fire in the small iron stove. Pitjevogel seeing that it would not work, asked eagerly: "May I help you?"

"It is no use, the wood is wet," the man replied.

"But have you no coals?"

"We have no money," said the old man sadly.

"What do you eat then?" asked the shepherd.

"We have nothing to eat."

Filled with confusion and compassion, the Kings looked at the old man and the young woman, at the child and the bony dog. Then they looked at each other. Their thoughts were as one and lo, the stocking with its money was emptied into the lap of the woman, and the sack of food was turned inside out and all that was in it was laid on the shaky little table. Eagerly the old man reached for the bread and gave the young woman a rosy apple. She turned it before the laughing eyes of the child before she bit into it.

"We thank you," said the old man. "God will reward you." . . .

Once again they were under way on the road which they now knew so well and which led direct to the Water Nymph. But the stocking was rolled up in Suskewiet's pocket and the sack was empty. They hadn't a cent or a crumb.

"Do you know why we gave all of our earnings to these poor people?" asked Pitjevogel.

"No," said the others.

"I don't either," Pitjevogel replied.

A little later the shepherd said, "I think I know why. Couldn't the child have been God?"

"What are you thinking of?" laughed the eel-fisher. "God wears a white mantle with borders of gold, and He has a beard and wears a crown, like in church."

"But formerly He was born in a stable at Christmas," asserted the shepherd.

"Yes, formerly," said Pitjevogel, "but that was a hundred years ago and even longer."

"But why did we give everything away then?"

"I'm breaking my head about that, too," said the beggar whose stomach began to rumble.

Silently, with lips that thirsted for a generous swallow of gin and longed for meat thickly spread with mustard, they passed by the Water Nymph. It was still lighted and they heard singing and the sounds of a harmonica.

Pitjevogel gave the star to the shepherd, whose task it was to keep it, and without saying a single word, but with contentment in their hearts, they parted at the crossroads, each one going to his bed. The shepherd went to his sheep, the beggar to his hut of straw, and Pitjevogel to his garret into which the snow drifted.

II. Left Wing

Today it was again Christmas. Suskewiet, the shepherd, who each year with Pitjevogel and Schrobberbeeck had made the rounds dressed as the three Holy Kings, going from house to house with a cardboard star and singing lovely old songs, lay stretched out, sick in bed, and over him was the shadow of death. In the corner, leaning against the wall, was the pole with its colored star and there also hung a crown made of tin.

He lay, where he always lay, in the sheep stall. Through a little window next his bed he could look out far over the snow-covered country, over which the half-moon like a silver shuttle wove the lovely star dress. It was the first time that he could not accompany his comrades at Christmas. Now the two of them were under way but still

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they sang, "We are the three kings with their star."

Since the miracle of last year, when they had come upon a smell kermis wagon on their rounds, and had found there a poor man, a young woman, and a new-born child, and for some unknown reason, and in a spirit of reverence they had never known before, they had knelt down and offered all the money and food they had collected, since that time Suskewiet had become a different person. For he had felt certain that this little child had been God, Who came anew to the world each year at Christmas for one day. O, he remembered so well how they had lost their way in the holy hour, how they had seen light, like burning lamps under the snow, and how they had heard bees singing in the air. How afraid they had been and what a heavenly sweetness had come over him and the others as well, when they saw the little child. How suddenly and with great emotion, without consulting one another, they had offered up their hard-earned food and pennies.

And had they not heard the poor man say, as Pitjevogel had asked him for the way, "The way is here"? Surely it had been the Holy Family. He had told the priest about it, but he had chased him out of doors and the sexton had said disdainfully that the shepherd was only a foundling and that his brains had frozen. Wherever he tried to tell that he had seen the Holy Family, they laughed at him, and his two comrades had already forgotten the impression of that hour. When they did think of it, they merely said, "T'was strange, t'was strange." But beyond that they did not bother about it and they sinned more each day in order to get money and gin.

But Suskewiet had changed his life from the ground up. There had always been a faint spark of piety smouldering in his heart, but now it flamed up to a white heat which filled him with heavenly transport and lovely sweet feelings, so that his body was hardly on earth. He neglected his body and forgot to tend his sheep. He knelt before the wayside shrines for hours on end, sang pious songs, and prayed childish prayers. He did penance, as well, to atone for his former sins, and allowed nothing to stop him, when it froze, from chopping open the ice and standing with his bare feet in the bitter cold water. And as he dragged his lame leg behind his herd, he constantly said his rosary. When he spoke with the peasants he no longer talked of the weather and the potatoes, but of the Mother of God and the Christ Child and of the blackness of sin. People who formerly had called him simple now thought him fully mad and avoided him. His stories, they said, were good enough for the priest but not for one who ran about in ordinary clothes.

With great longing old Suskewiet awaited the new Christmas feast. It had been his duty to take care of the star and to freshen it up each year. This time, too, he had pasted it over with colored paper and chocolate tinfoil and decorated it with little golden roses that had been left over from a golden wedding. He did not wish to wear the high hat any longer, for he had found a piece of tin which the tinsmith had made into a pointed crown. He would look much better in that. He was pottering around with these, when his two friends came to talk with him, for they had heard that three other Kings would make the rounds and that they had a star with a little bell and for this reason they would probably earn more pennies.

But Suskewiet looked at them suspiciously and said, "I will only go with you with the star if you agree to give all the money and food we collect to the poor."

"Are you mad?" cried Pitjevogel, the eel-fisher.

"Are we not poor enough?" asked Schrobberbeeck, the beggar with the bleary eyes.

"No," said Suskewiet, "all that you have you must give to God. And whether we give it to God or to the poor is all the same."

"Then we will stay home," said Schrobberbeeck. "Do you think that I am going to sing myself hoarse for others? One does that once and not again."

"I know something better," said the sly Pitjevogel. "We will make a star of our own. Or do you think we can't? 'Bye, mad Sus."

"Do what you want to," the shepherd called after them, "but with this star, with which we found God, you won't beg any money in order to sin."

The heavens painted the first snow over the earth and Suskewiet felt himself filled with spiritual ecstasy. He alone would now go from house to house to collect money for the poor. But Suskewiet became ill and could no longer get up from his straw sack.

Christmas approached. The shepherd received the Last Sacraments. He had seen the priest with his surplice of gold come and go. It was evening and the moon came up to look at the white world. The tears ran down Suskewiet's stubbly cheeks because he could not celebrate Christmas for the benefit of the poor. For forty-four years the star had heard him sing his songs. Now death had come to him. His heart was barely alive but now and then his little reason flickered up. The people from the farm had sat with him for a while, but when he had fallen asleep they had gone back to the house where the yule log burned and waffles were baking. Sadly he heard their joyous noise. A clarionet was playing and songs were being sung. He had but two hours to live and he begged Heaven to allow him to see the holy hour pass.

His pale thin face lay at an angle so that he could see the moon in the sky and the star that

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gleamed in the corner. His hands lay bare, large and shrivelled. The fingers were without life. Lost as he had come to earth, a foundling, now he was to die alone and forsaken. Only the good sheep remained with him and lifted their heads from time to time over the side of their stall. The moon climbed higher and higher and constantly became smaller but clear as silver. Suskewiet asked for but one thing, the grace to be allowed to go through one more Christmas hour.

He lay there for a long time. Finally he saw here and there by the mill, women in heavy hooded mantles with lanterns in their hands, going toward the village. The noise from the farm house had subsided. Later he heard the chiming of bells and the toning of an organ. At first he could not believe his ears, for the church was three-quarters of an hour away! But it was not an illusion. An organ was playing! Soft, sustained, singing tones swelled up, increasing with emotion and deep reverence. He had never heard anything so lovely in all his life. Before he could recover from his astonishment, he heard the sheep begin to bleat and, in the moonlight, he saw that they had turned their heads to the East.

"It is the holy hour," murmured Suskewiet, trembling with excitement. "God, God, my star."

He wished to get up and fetch the star, but he could not. He exerted all his strength, pressed the cover with his feet against the foot of the bed, and then pulled himself up by means of the sheet which was stretched taut. He broke forth into a racking cough, and as it subsided, with the sweat pouring from his forehead, he made a slight headway and put his lean legs over the side of the bed. He burst into another fit of coughing but without waiting for it to cease, he stood upright, leaned against the wall, and then step by step, with bent knees, he went toward the star. At last he sat on his bed again, the tin crown on his head and the star in his arm.

When he had rested a short while, he took hold of the string and looking out into the moonlit night he sang in a monotone, accompanied by the soft tones of the mysterious organ:

> We are the three kings with their star,
> Who have come here from lands afar,
> We went and searched over hill and dale,
> Over mountains, valley, glens and vale,
> And where the star stood still,
> We entered with good will.

The tears ran down his cheeks, his body shook with spasms and now and again the flame of his transfigured soul gleamed from his dim eyes.

But what or who was that in the distance? A stream of light came over the moonlit snow, nearer and nearer it came, straight ahead without swerving to right or left. Astonished, Suskewiet held his breath and thoughtlessly continued to pull at the string and turn the star round and round. It came nearer and nearer. Finally it seemed to be a small child in a little white shirt with bare feet. He carried a terrestrial globe in his hand, and his sweet blue-eyed face and golden hair were surrounded by a sort of rainbow-colored dawn.

"Who is that?" murmured Suskewiet. "It seems to me I have seen the little child before."

The child came straight toward him and disappeared for a moment under the window. Then the door opened. Before him stood the little child, clean and fresh as a wild rose. Suddenly the stall was filled with the scent of roses.

"Good day, Suskewiet," said the little child, smiling kindly. "Since you can no longer come to me, I have come to you. Do you remember me?"

A look of strange wonderment came over Suskewiet, and his smile revealed his two black broken teeth. He nodded joyfully, but could not say a single word, so great was his emotion, while tears hung from the grey stubbly hairs of his cheeks.

"Do you?" said the child. "Then keep on with your song. I love to hear it."

And Suskewiet, filled with awe, took hold of the string and sang while his eyes blinked with heavenly ecstasy:

> Maria she was sore afraid,
> When she had heard the noise;
> She thought that Herod now had come,
> To seek her little child,
> She thought that Herod now had come
> To snatch her sweetest lamb.

And lo, the black apple tree which stood outside was not white with snow but white with delicate apple blossoms. And all the sheep stood there and looked over the side of the stall, and those in the rear, stood up on the backs of those in front.

"Come," said the little child, "will you come to our house?"

"O yes, yes," laughed Suskewiet. Suddenly he felt himself well again. He wanted to put on his trousers but it did not seem to be cold and what is more he was in a great hurry. He took the star and followed the child. But he turned once more to look at his sheep who were bleating sadly.

"May they not come along?" he asked. "I am a shepherd."

"The more the merrier," said the child.

"Then come along, my little ones, come."

Suskewiet opened the gate and all followed, one pressing against the other. And they went out into the silvery white night. In his little warm hand the child held that of the shepherd, and led the old man through the untrodden snow. He carried the star which gleamed in the moonlight,

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and behind him came the sheep with heads bent in reverence.

"It is back there," said the little child, and pointed in the distance to a golden palace that reared its towers and domes high over a garden filled with spring flowers.

"O how lovely, how lovely," said Suskewiet, transported, and turning to his sheep. "There the grass will be much better, my little ones."

And then they entered in. . . .

Schrobberbeeck and Pitjevogel returned from their rounds. They were drunk with the many glasses of gin they had had on their way. Their crown was crooked and the star was bent. Arm in arm they staggered along singing popular songs. Their way led them past the farm yard.

"O," shouted Pitjevogel, "let us shake our money in his ears. Not giving us his star."

But as they looked through the window, they saw Suskewiet sitting on his bed, dead. The tin crown was on his head and over it shone the lovely star. And the two men ran away in fright, leaving their broken star behind them. . . .

The next day they found Suskewiet. All the sheep were grazing in the field. In the stall one smelled the scent of roses.

(The concluding part of this story will appear next week.)

Tyrol Christmas

Not like any other night is this!
It is black, crêpy black
In the room
Where the mother's heavy hand rouses children in the gloom
Of their dark enormous bed,
And her candle's light is spread
Along the rafters as she goes
To the cattle in the stall
Just beyond the smoky wall
Of her kitchen.
And the door
Opens more,
Creaking on its iron hinge
Near the beasts.
Then the children hear the hoofs' little fall
In the house. . . .
In their house.

Not like any other night,
For the warm earthy house is awake and astir,
And the sleigh standing there before the white
Frosted panes
Has its bells in a whir
Of dancing sound.
The children do not speak,
Huddled under thick fur
On the straw of the sleigh
And they creep, and they creep, and they creep
To make place for their mother.

The bells run bright and faint
From the last clanking door,
Round and round, round and round,
Through the turns and the bends
By the crests and the fens
And the road running over iced bridges.

In the low sky the magnified stars
Shaft the cold black with gold bars
That reach from the heights to the manger.
And the space by the church is alive
With the bells and the lamps in between
The gnarled trees,
And the sheen
From the vapor of so many moving
Gives the vision of flown gauzy wings
Of a low floating swings
Of heavenly robes through the branches;
As through down a black stair,
Like globes in black air
Of vanishing light
All the angels
Melt and return
Tangle and burn
Through the stark brittle twigs of the forest.

From the sharp, stone house by the river
The charity house by the river
Walks slowly, one after the other
The poor of this place.
Three women, old and how muffled,
Safe and unruffled,
Waiting in age.
They are first through the oaken, arched doorway,
With their thick candle's glow on their faces,
And their stiff hands slow at the places
Where the iron sconce for the tapers bracket the ends of the benches.

And the children gaze at the manger.
Straight and unveiled is the mother,
White as a reed, unafraid.
They see the figures of oxen
Look over a mossy wall
To warm with their patient breathing
The chill enswaddled One.
They see straw that is crisp as the new bed,
So slippery and yellow that their mother had spread
In the house for those beasts of their own—
And they think
"Not so different, not so far."

All this in the midnight forest—
The children, the three poor women,
The blown candles like small flags unfurled,
The rugged voice singing, singing,
All this in the midnight forest
Wrapped in the midnight forest
Of the world.

ANNE RYAN.

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THE CAMPAIGN LINES UP

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

For several years past, Mr. Thompson has analyzed campaign issues for readers of THE COMMONWEAL. *He is a veteran writer on the subject, having to his credit a great deal of newspaper experience as well as several important books. It is a source of gratification to us that Mr. Thompson will be back at his post during the coming months. Two initial articles, of which the second will appear next week, describe the background and opening phases of the battle. Of course Mr. Thompson's views are strictly his own.—The Editors.*

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign of 1936 has begun at last—very belatedly. A presidential campaign has four stages, the first and longest begins in the year before the conventions, and is the growth, development and finally the flowering of the decision on who shall be the candidates and what shall be the issue. The second is the fight for the nominations at the conventions. The third is the interlude after the nominations, in which the parties merely shadow-box and are busy behind the scenes organizing for the fight; an extremely busy period for the actors, but productive of no thrills for the audience. The fourth is the battle proper, and this stage is the shortest of all, usually not beginning until September and not getting down to the punches until October.

We have now entered on the first stage, and did so on November 6, the day after the election of 1935. This is an unprecedentedly late start, unprecedented since the campaigns took their present shape. A hundred years ago they were much longer and began much earlier. The 1832 campaign, for instance, was officially started in December, 1831, when the National Republican Convention—in later years called the Whigs—nominated Henry Clay and John Sergeant. Clay's opponent, Andrew Jackson, had been nominated in 1825 to be elected in 1828. The Democratic Convention of 1836 met in May, 1835, and nominated Van Buren. The Whigs that year thought it foxier politics to hold no conventions and to side-track from the all-conquering Jackson hosts as many electoral votes as possible by nominating several candidates, each a favorite in his own locality. This, too, was done in 1835 and, with some of the candidates, even earlier.

The Civil War brought a change, and the Convention which renominated Lincoln was held in June of the election year. The Republicans have held June as the convention month ever since except in 1868, the Democrats usually but not invariably waiting until July. After the nominations there is a time of furious but not much publicized work organizing the two armies, and the fight, so far as the public sees it, begins when that organization is perfected, which is never any earlier than September. Even then so much remains to be done that the real cannonading does not begin before October, when the candidate—not formerly, but since 1896—takes the stump. If he is already President, he never does; it is against tradition.

The reason why the ante-convention campaign cannot begin until the year before the election is that until then there is no possible way of knowing along what lines the fight is to be made. That discovery is made—or has been, prior to this campaign—in November, two years before the presidential election. In that year the people elect a new Congress and a number of governors, and for the first time express their satisfaction or displeasure with the sitting President. The study of these election returns not only shows whether the country approves him or not, but gives a line on its reasons. The opposition immediately shapes its course on the issues so disclosed, and candidates who do not typify that course are discarded and others come forward. The party in power corrects its course in the light of the mid-administration election and prepares its campaign accordingly.

This has been the history of the past seventy years. Each time the mid-administration election of a Congress and state governors has presaged the presidential result two years later. For example, in 1930 the election of Democratic governors and a Democratic Congress foretold President Roosevelt's landslide in 1932. By this rule the election of 1934, repeating that landslide, should foretell another landslide for him in 1936. But for the first time since 1864 the mid-administration barometer is not an infallible indication, because of the unprecedented conditions resulting from the crisis of 1929-1936. For the first time the parties were unable to decide their strategy with certainty from that mid-administration election, and made no move to plan it until the election held on November 5 this year.

This resulted from the complete political break with the past in 1933. All landmarks were obliterated, and the old charts were useless. In the paralysis of the American economy which was most spectacularly presented to the imagination, just as Roosevelt was entering office, by the closing of the banks, the country looked to Washington for emergency legislation. It was ready to trust the captain. It did not become converted

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overnight to new economic ideas, but held all traditional opinions in abeyance while he righted the ship. His measures were all experimental, and some worked well and some did not. When the crisis was over, the emergency past, the country had leisure to take its bearings and see how far it had cruised and whether it liked the port it was making for. This was the moment for which the politicians of both parties were waiting, in order to get the country's temper and determine their line-up accordingly.

Precedent would have made the mid-administration election of 1934 the time for taking stock. In any previous case it would have been. But the general feeling in the country was that the emergency was not yet over and that the blank check given the President was still running. That election, instead of being the decisive test and the barometer for 1936, was simply and solely the continuation of the temporary carte-blanche given Roosevelt in 1932.

It was so recognized in both parties, and neither proceeded to form the battle-lines with the confidence and precision customary in such cases, or really to form them at all. The parties marked time. The Republicans, having still no star to guide them, remained undecided whether to attack the New Deal or to adopt a middle course. The much-advertised regional conferences gave more or less encouragement to the latter idea, but hesitatingly and doubtfully.

Then came the first indication of a possibly profitable policy for them—and, it follows, for the Democrats. In Rhode Island a vacant seat in Congress was filled at a special election, and the issue was the New Deal. The Republicans won a sounding victory. About the same time municipal elections in Connecticut reinforced that hint. This might indicate only that the East was turning against the New Deal. So, to get a wider showdown, the Republicans proposed a similar trial in the Midwest. There were vacant congressional seats in Ohio and Illinois, and the Republicans urged that they be filled by elections there as the Rhode Island seat had been filled. But the Democrats refused the trial, and the Republicans assumed—doubtless correctly—that they feared the same result as in Rhode Island. The moral effect of that refusal was to strengthen Republican confidence.

However, all there was to go on, so far, was Rhode Island and, to some extent, Connecticut. In November there were state elections in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, and a notable city election in Philadelphia. All these states had been counted as Democratic next year by Mr. Farley, and not claimed with any assurance by the Republicans. New York, Roosevelt's state, had gone overwhelmingly not only for him in 1932 but also overwhelmingly for Governor Lehman in 1934, and the most strenuous efforts were made by the Democrats to repeat those results. New Jersey also had been Democratic in 1932. Pennsylvania, in 1934, had abandoned its record as the banner Republican state and elected a Democratic governor. He and Senator Guffey, backed by the power of the federal administration, were building up a powerful organization there.

The result in New York was that the Republicans recaptured the State Assembly by a comfortable majority. They had made the New Deal the issue, and Mr. Farley had had the poor judgment to accept it openly as such. The total Democratic vote was still much larger than the Republican, but had fallen off tremendously from the relative strength of 1932 and 1934. New Jersey went Republican by a total vote which nearly doubled the majority it gave Governor Hoffman in 1934. Pennsylvania, which a year ago elected a Democratic governor, went Republican this year, and the high Democratic hopes of adding Philadelphia to the cities captured in 1932 were dashed by Mayor Wilson's election.

In all these elections, as in the Rhode Island one earlier, the New Deal was either the main issue or a very prominent one. In Pennsylvania it was attacked by the Republican candidate, though he was only a candidate for a state judgeship. In addition, the municipal elections in Ohio resulted in the capture of mayorships formerly held by Democrats, and this was taken by the Republicans as an indication that the Democratic refusal to allow a congressman to be voted for in that state was based on a fear that the tide was turning.

Only in Kentucky was there any comfort for the Democrats. Governor Chandler was elected by an immense majority. But the general moral of the elections was not changed by that incident; it was, if anything, reinforced. For Kentucky was the only state in which the New Deal was not an issue. Not only did the Republican candidate, Judge Swope, refuse to attack it or to say anything about it, but Republican speakers who were hostile to it were kept out of the state. In other words, the two proposed Republican policies were tried out; and wherever the policy of assailing the New Deal was tried there were gains. In the only state where the middle-of-the-road policy was tried the Republicans were worse beaten than usual, even for Kentucky.

Three major suggestions to the politicians of both parties were made by the election. First, that the Republican party, which for three years has appeared dying if not dead, is again alive and able to fight. Second, that the country regards the time of emergency and experiment as over, and is back in its former mood of weighing and considering governmental acts. Third, that east

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of the Mississippi there is not only a strong disapproval of the New Deal, but a growing one.

On this last point it must be remembered that the change, while not yet actually threatening to the Democrats, is a change since this time a year ago, which is a very short time. Last year the East was as strong for Roosevelt as the West; the returns of 1934 show it. The question, therefore, is whether this change—which undoubtedly began with the Supreme Court's decision against the NRA—will continue to grow at its present very obvious rate.

What does "the East" mean? Maryland is a hotbed of anti-New Deal sentiment, and as for the states north of it, their citizens are usually moved by about the same considerations as those in the states that voted this year. So is the Midwest as far as the Mississippi and the indications in Ohio and Illinois, slight as they have been, give no sign that this year will be an exception.

The Democratic high command are as capable of sizing up this situation as the Republican, probably more so. They are, therefore, preparing to meet a possibly hostile East with a friendly trans-Mississippi, reinforced by the historically solid South. The AAA is relied on for that, much more than any supposed Western radicalism. From Bryan's time down it has been repeatedly proved that reliance on Western radicalism is a reed, not a staff.

The strategy of 1936, therefore, was defined on November 5. Kentucky is the unanswerable proof that the Republicans can win nothing by pussyfooting, cannot win even such a respectable vote as would make them a formidable minority party. They must hold what they won in the East; gain those Eastern states, like New York, which are showing discontent but not yet giving Republican majorities; and, since this is not enough to elect a President, pick up what Western states they can. For this purpose they must nominate a Western candidate; and, since the stimulated booms of Colonel Knox and others are scattered by the November returns, the outstanding candidate in their ranks now is Governor Landon of Kansas, whose administration has been such as to result in his being called "the inheritor of the Coolidge tradition." The political meaning of that, to be explanatory to the uninitiated, is that though he is not radical, there is no "taint" of Hooverism on him.

The Democratic strategy, being of course defensive, needs less space. It is, like all defensive strategy, to meet the attack, and the election has shown Democracy at what points to meet it. The rest is tactics, not strategy; and the tactics will consist in playing up the AAA even more than before, and in such congressional proposals—or enactments—as will best counter Republican tactics. The coming session will be a political session.

SCHOLASTICISM ON THE PACIFIC COAST

By KURT FRANK REINHARDT

SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY, it seems, is coming into its own in this part of the country, and the several institutions of higher learning, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, that are located in the San Francisco Bay Region, are contributing their share in making the principles of the *Philosophia Perennis* live and breathe. The completion of the new College of St. Albert the Great, the future home of the Dominican Fathers now in the process of construction in the city of Oakland, will add new vigor to the spirit of scholastic research, and the daughters of St. Dominic, working at Dominican College across the bay, are engaged in carrying to new heights a venerable philosophical and liturgical tradition.

Two years ago, the first Pacific Coast Regional Convention of the American Catholic Philosophical Association was held at the University of San Francisco, under the auspices of Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, at that time Archbishop of San Francisco, and Most Reverend John J. Mitty who was then Coadjutor Archbishop and has in the meantime become Archbishop Hanna's successor. The convention had not proven entirely successful, partly because the program had attempted to take in too much territory and because it had staked its hope and ambition on a broad popular appeal. The realization of serious defects in the preparations, the offerings and the proceedings led afterward to the formation of a standing association of priests and laymen under the presidency of Reverend Charles Baschab, professor of philosophy at Dominican College, San Raffael, California. This group of approximately thirty men, actively engaged in the teaching of philosophy or related professional work, were to meet on the third Monday of each month to listen to a specially prepared paper on scholastic philosophy and to discuss the problems involved.

During the first year of its activity, the Philosophical Association attempted to clear the ground for a fruitful cooperation of its members, the topics of discussion were picked rather at random, and no hard and fast rule was adhered to. At the end of the first year, however, a committee was appointed to work out a well-integrated program for future research. The result was a definite plan which called for a series of sixteen papers dealing generally with the problem of knowledge, developed from the viewpoint of psychology. Among others, the following topics are to be dealt with: the Nature of Life (Mechanism, Vitalism, Scholasticism); the Nature and Genesis of Sense; the Nature and Genesis of Intellect; the Genesis of Fundamental Ideas; Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Sense Knowledge; Scholastic Theories of Intellectual Knowledge; Descartes, Kant, Hegel, Bergson and Intellectual Knowledge; Neo-Realism, Critical Realism and Knowledge.

In addition to this internal cooperative effort of the association, special attention was given to a careful preparation of the Second Pacific Coast Regional Convention of the national association which was held on October 25

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and 26 of this year under the auspices of Archbishop Mitty at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. "Scholastic Ethics and Modern Society" had been chosen as a general topic, and papers were presented on "Ethics and Economics," "Ethics and the State," "Ethics and Education," "Ethics and the Family," "Ethics and Art," "Ethics and Religion." There were four major sessions in all, each consisting of the presentation of one or more papers and formal as well as informal discussions from the floor. The Friday morning session was preceded by a solemn High Mass (Coram Pontifice) in St. Mary's Cathedral, Gregorian music being provided by the Schola Cantorum under the direction of Reverend Edgar Boyle, Archdiocesan Director of Music, and a sermon suited to the occasion being preached by Monsignor Ramm of St. Mary's Cathedral. At the concluding luncheon Brother Leo, the former chancellor of St. Mary's College, professor of English literature and most popular speaker in the West, addressed a large audience on "The Sleeping Beauty." His speech will not be forgotten because it symbolized and illustrated the theme and objective of the convention by giving emphasis to the vitality of philosophic thought and by combining simplicity with supreme lucidity and profundity. It might be worth mentioning that some individual representatives of the leading secular universities attended and took an active part in discussions from the floor.

Communications

A MARTYR FOR THE FAITH

Komoka, Canada.

TO the Editor: On March 7, 1935, Exarch Leonid Theodoroff, head of the Russian Catholic Church and Protonotary Apostolic, died in exile near Vyatka, U.S.S.R. He had embraced Catholicism while studying in the Orthodox Theological Academy in St. Petersburg. Later he completed his theological studies at the Gregorian University in Rome and became a monk. Returning home, he was soon exiled by the imperial government to Tobolsk—for spreading Catholicism. Early in 1917, Father Theodoroff was named Exarch of Russia by Metropolitan Andrew Sheptitsky, Archbishop of Lviv. (Metropolitan Andrew had been empowered previously by Pope Pius X with practically patriarchal jurisdiction.) After the 1917 Revolution, Monsignor Leonid was able to exercise a fruitful apostolate for some time, but in 1923 the Soviet government arrested him, along with Monsignor Cieplak and Monsignor Budkievich, and condemned him to prison for ten years. This term was spent first in Moscow, then on the Solovetsky Islands, and, finally, at Vyatka.

On March 24, 1923, at the trial of Archbishop Cieplak in Moscow, Exarch Leonid spoke as follows to his Bolshevist judge:

"My whole life has been based on two principles: love of the Roman Church with which I am united, and love of my country, which I venerate. If I do not care whether I am sentenced to ten years' imprisonment or to be shot, it is not because I am a fanatic. Sometimes the innocent must be killed in order that the guilty may not escape. Since I became a Catholic, my one object has been to reconcile my country with that Church, which I believe to be the only true Church. Under the old government [czarist] I was imprisoned in Tobolsk for two and a half years. . . . If we believe Holy Scripture, that all power comes from God, then as a Catholic priest I must admit that this your power also comes from God and perhaps it is sent us as a punishment for our sins. . . . Authority is one thing, atheistic propaganda quite another. I have always fought atheism and proved its impotence. I have often spoken at meetings in Petrograd where politics was excluded, and no one present could be found to accuse me of having even touched on politics in my speeches."

When Latin Catholics pray after non-parochial low Mass for Russia, let them of their generosity remember this confessor of Christ: that God may grant rest, refreshment and the light of His countenance to His servant Leonid where there is no suffering, sorrow or sighing, but everlasting peace. "In paradisum deducant be Angeli; in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem"!

On March 24, 1927, Pope Pius XI said:

"Every day, without exception, every day now for a long time, immediately after waking, we remember Russia at Holy Mass—all its priests, all its confessors, and all its faithful, Catholic and non-Catholic. At every Eucharist we penetrate Russia with our Lord Jesus Christ. Every day He travels with us from Minsk to Vladivostok, from Tiflis to the Solovetsky Islands. We bless, we pray, we hope together, and above all we suffer with them—with them all."

The Russian Byzantine Catholic Church dates its beginning only from the 1905 ukase of liberty. Who can tell the future? How inappropriate one petition of the Byzantine Anaphora must seem to Russian priests: "We offer Thee this spiritual worship . . . for our pious and Christ-loving rulers, for their court and army. Grant them, Lord, a quiet reign, that we, too, in their peace, may lead a calm and tranquil life in all devotion and honesty."

M. GRAY.

MEXICO'S WAR ON RELIGION

Spring Hill, Ala.

TO the Editor: Your editorial of October 25 on "Mexico's War on Religion" was a convincing confirmation of its title, especially its citations from the report issued by the deputation of the American Committee on Religious Rights; but the conclusions of both seem lame and ineffective. Diffusion of the facts irrefutably sustaining their judgment, that the Mexican government "is seeking the abolition of religion itself in substantially the same way as the Soviet government of Russia," is most commendable; but when the American public have received this further enlightenment on an already obvious fact, what will you have them to do about it?

At this moment Mexico's children are being atheized, its church, clergy and Catholic laity, robbed, banned, jailed

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and filched of all liberty, and Christ and all Christian sanctities are being made anathema, by all the forces of this government in its war against God. Cardenas has outstripped even Calles in conscience-catching and religion-killing decrees and devices, and after their issue our Mr. Daniels took occasion to eulogize Cardenas before his fellow ambassadors and the diplomatic corps as a model of courage, ability and social progressiveness. No wonder the Mexican government could then afford to scoff at the united Bishops' petition for fundamental liberty. And President Roosevelt's equally absolute rejection of the demand of the Knights of Columbus and of countless other citizens that he permit congressional inquiry into denial of American rights in Mexico and demand justice in the matter, would confirm the opinion that our Ambassador's frequent utterances and gestures in favor of Mexico's rulers and their persecuting policy were made and sustained by his government's sanction.

For us, then, it is more than a question of religious persecution in a foreign country. I have shown and proved by incontrovertible documents in the little book "No God Next Door" that for over a century our administrations have, by armed force and by diplomatic and financial and other influences, put and kept in power the persecuting minorities in Mexico. I have shown, too, that the Supreme Masonic Councils in Mexico and the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite 33rd degree in Washington have powerfully furthered or directed the operation; and it is significant that just before President Roosevelt's blank refusal to apply to Mexico the action of himself and his predecessors against persecution elsewhere, he, as a 32nd degree Mason, initiated his two sons into Masonry, the first achievement of the kind by an American President.

Whatever significance this may have portended, it is clearly a civic American duty to repair the injustices we have inflicted or are inflicting upon Mexico and direct our government's servants to that end. This is a religious duty in as much as it is binding on the conscience of every citizen by vote and influence to direct his representatives aright; and it is only more incumbent on Catholics in so far as Catholics happen in this instance to be the sufferers. How we may fulfil this duty I have tried to show in readable as well as reachable form in "No God Next Door," a 200-page book, which Hirten of New York has issued at $.25 and at large discount for quantities. A large first edition has been sold. Its still wider circulation by pastors and societies would demand more urgent commendation than a pamphlet, however valuable in its facts, that defers the remedial action to a distant and doubtful tribunal.

Meanwhile, the National Board of the Knights of Columbus have set an inspiring example of courageous civic action to American citizens of all classes, whether lay or cleric. The similarly American and most practically helpful action of the entire hierarchy should silence all dissentious whisperings and ensure a united citizenry resolute to exact, by demand and protest and voice and vote, the fullness of American justice in all our dealings with the suffering nation at our doors.

Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J.

VENERABLE SHEPHERD OF ALASKA APPEALS

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: This Christmas the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, with offices at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, is making a special appeal in behalf of the Alaskan Missions in response to the touching plea of His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., D.D., Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska. Bishop Crimont writes:

"As I look at you closely, my friends, I discover, furrowing your brows, the still bleeding wounds of the worst economic depression. In such hard circumstances, how can I be justified in making a special appeal of my own? Ah, friends, necessity has no law. Here is my pleading:

"We have four boarding-schools with 500 Eskimo and Indian children to support. Last year there was serious question of closing two of these schools; and as for the surviving ones, of sending home the greater part of the pupils, because means were lacking to further feed and clothe them. But how could we cast out on the streets (i.e., the bleak Alaskan tundra) these helpless innocent children to starve body, mind and soul, and become the sure prey of the wolves of earth and hell?

"At Holy Cross, our main boarding-school, a new house needs to be built for our little tots, if we do not want to rise one sad morning, and behold with horror that these precious little things have been crushed out of existence by the fallen roof and walls and buried under the ruins of the poor, rotten structure wherein they are housed.

"Above all, it is daily bread that we want for the children of our four boarding-schools. We have resolved not to cut down their number, as for the greater part of them, there is no home to be found except that of our schools.

"Who will not find it in his or her heart to come to our assistance and experience the blessedness of giving to Christ in His children?"

I should like very much to have our Catholic people give the venerable and saintly Bishop of Alaska a substantial sum for the needs of his many missions—enough, at least, to buy food and fuel for his four boarding-schools for the coming winter.

Bishop Crimont is now seventy-eight years of age, and has spent forty-two years in the missions of Alaska. He has just completed a visitation of all the missions in his vast vicariate, which covers over 600,000 square miles. Our Holy Father has pronounced it the poorest and hardest mission country in all the world.

In return for their charity in answer to the heroic and zealous Bishop's appeal, the Christ Child will reward them abundantly with spiritual and temporal blessings.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Flynn, P.A.,
Director General, Marquette League.

We regret that in last week's issue, page 178, the Master Record used in Electrical Transcription was erroneously spelled Moser Record.—The Editors.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The National Broadcasting Company has announced Christmas broadcasts from two famous European abbeys. On Christmas Eve the midnight services at the Buckfast Benedictine Abbey at Devon, England, will be heard on American radio sets from 5:15 to 5:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time; from 6:15 to 6:30, midnight services from the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes, France, will be broadcast. * * * The *Catholic Times* of London confirms the discovery of a small fragment of a papyrus of the first half of the second century, containing a Greek text of a portion of Saint John's Gospel, which is believed to be the earliest extant text of the Gospel. * * * The Lactario of Coimbra, Portugal, recently celebrated its twelfth anniversary. This group of Catholic medical students distributes more than 2,000 gallons of milk annually to the poor, conducts a free clinic for physiotherapy and X-ray treatment and a pharmacy which is supplied with free medicine. They also provide food, clothing, fuel and other necessities. * * * The Dramatic Union of Our Lady of Lourdes of New York has undertaken to perform each month for the benefit of subscribers a good play "compatible with Catholic principles and ideals and the canons of good taste." * * * The S.S. Albertville which sailed from Antwerp some weeks ago carried 77 Catholic missionaries to the Belgian Congo, 50 of them priests. * * * The Journal of the American Medical Association has commended for physicians and nurses a pamphlet entitled "Baptism of the Infant and the Fetus," by Reverend John Bowen and published by M. J. Knippel of Dubuque, Iowa. * * * On a visit to his birthplace the Most Reverend Marcelino Olaecha, S.S., the new Bishop of Pamplona, Spain, received a tremendous ovation from the factory workers. The son of a mechanic, Bishop Olaecha has devoted his life to the sons of laborers and is known as the "Labor Bishop." His congregation, the Salesians, have 50 houses in Spain, where in the last few years they have educated more than 300,000 sons of the workers. * * * Reports from the Philippines indicate that there is still a dire shortage of priests. Some parishes with a single priest comprise from 20,000 to 50,000 people.

The Nation.—The United States capital spilled over into Baltimore when Secretary Ickes could not find office space in Washington for new bureaus. * * * The Federal Housing Administration announced that its business had passed $500,000,000. It predicted that next year 175,000 new homes would be built. Regularly there are more than 1,000,000 marriages a year in the country, and just before the depression one new home was constructed for about every three marriages. Senator Wagner is said to have a bill ready to present in January which would provide an appropriation of $800,000,000 for federal housing during the new year. * * * In New Jersey the State Cleaning and Dyeing Board took an action radically opposed to the most publicized present actions of business when it voluntarily set up a most inclusive "NRA" code to govern the local industry. * * * President Green of the A. F. of L. refused a queer invitation of John L. Lewis to join the group of industrial unionists who are trying to make industrial unionism dominant over craft. The horizontal-vertical contest continues, and most observers concede the vertical forces headed by Lewis the best chance of victory. This would make John L. Lewis one of the very few most powerful men in the country. * * * In Georgia a Superior Court declared unconstitutional the state anti-sedition law of 1866 by which Angelo Herndon, Negro Communist organizer, was held under arrest. His case has been publicized as nearly like the Scottsboro, Mooney and Sacco-Vanzetti cases as radicals have been able to make it. * * * When the United States Treasury made no bids for silver two days in a row, the great silver markets had to cease giving quotations on the white metal. The effort of China to join the "sterling bloc" is said to have changed the Treasury policy. * * * The second anniversary of the repeal of prohibition occurred on December 5. Only eight states are now dry, although a new dry movement is growing more powerful. Consumption of alcoholics in 1934 was 70 percent as great as in 1917. * * * On December 14 the *Literary Digest* poll stood 274,830 or 42.76 percent for the New Deal and 367,881 or 57.24 percent against it. Seven states, all Southern, favored, while nineteen were against it. The farm belt, strangely, was running 3 to 2 in opposition.

The Wide World.—On December 4, Premier Laval communicated to the Italian government a proposal to effect a compromise between Italy and Ethiopia. It was indicated that Italy was slated to acquire substantial portions of territory, while Emperor Haile Selassie's "desire" for a port was to be satisfied by the cession of a strip of land ending near the town of Assab. The terms of the proposal evidently secured the endorsement of Sir Samuel Hoare; and the press stated that Paris, annoyed by Mussolini's truculent attitude, was prepared to stand solidly behind Britain in case efforts to effect a peaceful settlement of the war in Africa failed. Details of the plan were made public on December 9, and it was obvious that Italian demands had made a deeper impression than previously. Indignation was rife in London, and there were rumors that the House of Commons would oppose the Hoare-Laval step in a stormy session and that Sir Anthony Eden would resign. His Majesty's government was said to have accepted the proposed peace terms, with certain modifications. More optimism was reported from Italy, but the alternative to acceptance of the offer remained the invocation of sanctions against the sale of oil to Italy. The tightening of all regulations affecting commerce and money, as well as a still more rigid censorship of the news, revealed the tension in Il Duce's own back yard. * * * The principal military episode was the bombing of

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Dessye on December 6, with a resultant toll of killed and wounded. A field hospital conducted under American auspices was the target for some of the firing, though the inmates had previously been removed. The headquarters of the Emperor are at Dessye, but he escaped injury. Skirmishing was also reported from the southern front. * * * The London Naval Conference opened on December 9, after the delegates had been informed of a Japanese demand for full parity. A statement incorporating the Nipponese stand was said by the Associated Press to have been presented to the British Admiralty. When the Conference met, Mr. Norman H. Davis read a letter from President Roosevelt, suggesting that a reduction of 20 percent in the naval armament of the world be sought. Any reduction, the President opined, would be better than none at all; but at least the existing treaties ought to be renewed. This stand was supported in part by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who advocated in particular the drastic curtailment of submarine warfare. * * * Discussion of the fate of North China continued. On December 7, reports indicated that a compromise had been effected, under which the sovereignty of Nanking would be recognized in a measure. Later on some Chinese resistance to the proposal was indicated. Both the British and the United States governments protested in statements against Japanese policy in North China. * * * The Laval government was saved from defeat, by a vote of 351 to 219, when Jean Ybarnegaray, member of the Croix de Feu, moved that all political groups be disarmed. This conciliatory gesture stirred the Chambre, which adopted the laws effecting disarmament as proposed by M. Laval. * * * In a speech at Nuremberg, Chancellor Hitler opposed the views concerning the beneficence of capitalism which had been voiced some weeks previous by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. He did not, however, mention Schacht by name, and the general assumption was that Hitler was merely trying to placate radical groups.

* * * *

Industrial Cooperation.—In Washington, on December 9, Coordinator for Industrial Cooperation George L. Berry, under the most trying circumstances, opened an industry-labor round table conference which had been planned to give a program for reemployment and stabilization of prosperity to take the place of the defunct NRA. Only four days previously, the National Association of Manufacturers, which represents 75,000 business enterprises estimated to employ from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 workers, had adopted a militant program pledging the members to political action to defeat "President Roosevelt's new economic order." Major Berry planned to conduct the general conference quickly through discussion of thirteen topics selected from the innumerable ones suggested. He then hoped that the conference would break up into forty-eight industrial groups and thirteen labor groups and that each of these groups would select a representative to become a member of a new Industrial Council. The council would be a permanent organ to accomplish the purposes of cooperative effort for betterment. The group meetings would also clarify suggestions about what should be done. But opposition to the coordinator's idea developed powerfully even before the conference, as reported last week, and only about 2,000 of the 5,200 invitations to the conference were accepted at all. Then, on the first day, when Major Berry tried to adjourn the general meeting into group conferences, such violent opposition developed that a large police squad had to come in and keep the peace. It was at first believed that the whole conference was ruined completely, but on succeeding days some order and clarification came about. All 109 national and international unions of the A. F. of L. supported the proposal for an Industrial Council. A sufficient number of industrial groups immediately chose members for the council, or indicated that they would refer back to the businesses they represented for members, to keep things going. Other groups, refusing to designate members, still contributed plans for the relief of unemployment and economic recovery. But the new Industrial Council still must face great hostility from those business men who heartily dislike the whole conception of the government "interfering" in business.

The Berlin Olympics.—The function of the Amateur Athletic Union, which convened in New York on December 6, is to certify the amateur standing of American athletes. It was called upon, however, to consider a number of resolutions concerning participation in the 1936 Berlin games. Previously Mr. Avery Brundage had pointedly declared that regardless of the decision reached by the A.A.U., a team would be sent by the American Olympic Committee. The first resolution urged athletes to refrain from making the trip, and requested the American Olympic Committee to convene a meeting "for the purpose of reconsidering the question of American participation in the games." An executive committee vote on this resolution ended in a tie. The delegates then agreed, by a slender majority, to table this solution of the problem. Another proposal, to send an investigating commission of three to Germany for the purpose of securing data about the status of the Olympic contestants, was beaten by the slender majority of 2½ out of 114 votes, the deciding factor being the strength of fifteen organizations allied with the A.A.U. Thereupon the convention adopted viva voce a resolution offered by Gustavus T. Kirby, which recognized that "conditions still exist in Germany" which render enforcement of the Olympic code difficult, urged that the authorities "investigate with vigilance" the situation obtaining, and stated that "it is the hope and desire of the A.A.U. that America be represented in all Olympic contests." The future tactics of the non-participation group were indicated when Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, stressing his dissatisfaction with the Kirby resolution, withdrew as a candidate for the presidency of the A.A.U. and was followed by all others on his slate. Those who favored the solution reached thereupon elected Avery Brundage to succeed Judge Mahoney. Leaders of the "Move-the-Olympics" movement averred their intention of pushing ahead with plans and propaganda, while it became obvious that to find money to finance the trek across the water might be difficult.

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Decent Procedure. — At a special convocation over which Cardinal Archbishop Mundelein presided, Notre Dame University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on President Roosevelt and on Señor Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine editor and educator. The special convocation, third in the history of the university, was called to celebrate the independence of the new Commonwealth of the Philippines. Cardinal Mundelein spoke approvingly of the President and his social policies and praised his "indomitable persevering courage." The President spoke of the due regard for fundamental human rights expressed by the Philippine people in their new Constitution and emphasized that supreme among these were the rights of freedom of education and freedom of religious worship. The Reverend John F. O'Hara, president of Notre Dame University, in referring to the Philippines said, "If it be not unique, it is at least remarkable for a nation to take the final step to sovereignty without bloodshed, and it is indeed eminently fitting that when we mark this event and bless the spirit behind it, we have an opportunity to thank personally the statesman most responsible for it, President Franklin D. Roosevelt." Mr. Romulo dwelt on the determination of his people to maintain their freedom without calling on the people of the United States to shed their blood to defend the Filipino people, and he described, from a Catholic point of view, their social and economic aspirations.

Senate of the Pope.—The consistory of December 16 was to be one of the most remarkable in history for the number of cardinals created (the most regular business of consistories). Leo X's consistory of 1517 produced the greatest number of new cardinals, 31; in modern times only the 1911 consistory of Pius X has created as many as the present one. Before December 16 there were 49 cardinals, 23 Italian and 26 non-Italian. There were also two names held *in pectore,* that is, two persons selected as cardinals but not publicly appointed, since the consistory of 1933. Now the College of Cardinals has 69 members, 37 Italian and 32 non-Italian. Of the twenty new members, four are diplomats, six officers in the Roman congregations and court, three high Vatican dignitaries, one Jesuit, one rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and five members of the episcopate, one of them being Patriarch of Antioch, a bishop in the Syrian Rite. The word consistory is derived from *consistorium,* the Latin designation of the sacred council of the Roman emperors before the Christianization of the empire. The historical root of the present consistories is in the old Roman *presbyterium* of the deacons in charge of ecclesiastical temporalities, the priests, or *tituli,* of the principal churches in Rome, and (at least by the eighth century) the bishops of near dioceses. The Popes conferred with the *presbyterium* as they now confer with the cardinals in consistories. There are still cardinal deacons, priests and bishops. In modern times there have been three sorts of consistories: secret, like the present one, to which only cardinals are admitted; semi-public, which include certain bishops who are in Italy as well as the available cardinals; and public, which can include any sort of ecclesiastic or lay person. The first type is the most common now and has the most functions. The others are held chiefly in connection with the beatification of saints.

William D. Guthrie.—The death, on December 8, of Mr. William Dameron Guthrie, removes from the bar of New York and the nation one of its most illustrious members. Perhaps none of the many cases pleaded by him attracted the attention accorded the Supreme Court hearings on the Oregon School Law, which ended when the highest tribunal in the land declared in part: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations." Mr. Guthrie also drew up for the Ordinary of the Archdiocese of New York a voluminous report on the religious laws of Mexico, which he declared to be in conflict with the principles of justice and of international law. More recently he was among the chief antagonists of the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution, and was instrumental in convincing the Assembly of the State of New York to vote against ratification. Mr. Guthrie was likewise one of the stanchest enemies of the Eighteenth Amendment, and a resolute defender of the good name of the legal profession. Born in San Francisco, February 3, 1859, Mr. Guthrie was educated in New York and received admission to the bar in 1884. Gradually he built up a secure reputation as a constitutional lawyer. Numerous honors were conferred upon him, including several Papal decorations. The funeral Mass was sung in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Cardinal Hayes giving the absolution.

Catholics of the Right.—Evidence of the extent to which France is torn today between the Fascist National Front of the Right and the anti-Fascist, Socialist-Communist Popular Front of the Left appears in several places in the current issue of the alert weekly, *Sept.* The "prayer for France" which opens the issue is an ardent plea for peace within its borders as well as peace with other nations. Excerpts from a recent speech by Father Gillet, Master General of the Dominican Order, are also quoted to the effect that what is needed in France is a government that really governs. But the reflections of P. Henry Simon on the struggle since the war between French radicals and conservatives on the issues of nationalism, capitalism and parliamentarianism may be susceptible of far wider applications. ". . . Considerable study is not needed to point out that on these three points the principal Catholic forces—please note that I do not say the Church—have acted with the Right. . . . It must be admitted that in their most official organizations and in their great majority French Catholics think, feel and vote with the Right. This is not the place to reproach them on the question of principle; I wish even to commend them for it in so far as there are virtues of the Right which

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are eminently honorable: family spirit, patriotism, religious fidelity; but still it is necessary to call to their attention the sins of their party and to urge them to dissociate themselves from them. . . . Who do not recognize that the people exist? Why all those who, confusedly calling 'traditions' the abuses by which they profit and the privileges that they do not wish to relinquish, have kept back for a hundred years, by a petty rearguard action, under the pretext of wisdom and fidelity, the progress of liberty and justice. . . . Among these defenders of a false order must we always see so many professed Catholics?"

A Program for Puerto Rico.—*El Mundo*, a leading Spanish-language daily in San Juan, is now publishing serially a report prepared by Father McGowan at the request of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "The Church and Reconstruction in Puerto Rico" is a remarkably comprehensive study of the "huge and terrible poverty in both city and country" there. The root of the trouble is diagnosed as being Puerto Rican "individualism" and in competition with the "individualism" of continental United States it has "utterly and dramatically failed." A religious revival is needed since much of the difficulty can be traced to the attempt to live in a "double culture, individualist and Catholic." To this end religious education must be inaugurated in the schools, scholastic philosophy in the university. Government funds must be used chiefly for economic reconstruction and federal aid must be extended to 1940. A permanent technical board should be set up to bring about the application of the principles of agrobiology. Production almost solely for export must give way to production chiefly for domestic use. Ownership of the sugar industry, "the giant of Puerto Rico," should be so divided among individuals, cooperatives and the state as to effect the greatest welfare for the people in the industry and the people of Puerto Rico. Within the next ten years 100,000 families should be placed on small farms devoted to everything but sugar and citrus fruits. Federal social insurance, slum clearance and low-cost housing should be extended to Puerto Rico as well as rural electrification. Distribution of ownership should be effected by binding wage and crop contracts containing profit-sharing and stock-acquiring agreements.

* * * *

Farmers Get Attention.—In agricultural affairs, it is conceded by Republicans as well as by Democrats, the present administration has been so attractive to its constituents that it sits solidly in nearly all farm areas. It has been rather authoritatively hinted that the next Congress will be asked to pass some further farm laws, probably the Bankhead Farm Tenant bill first. Also, the administration is ready to introduce substitutes for the key AAA law if that is thrown out by the Supreme Court. The second day of argument on the constitutionality of the AAA and the Bankhead Cotton Control Act was dramatically interrupted on December 10 when Solicitor General Stanley Reed collapsed. He had been undergoing questioning by the Justices which boded no good for the laws and, apparently overworked in his preparations, had to be excused when he almost fainted. Before the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago on December 9, President Roosevelt had delivered a major speech. He told that his administration had met the double problem of low prices for farm products and enormous surpluses. "Parity" has temporarily been the guide. He has tried to exert the "organized power of the nation" (as differentiated from the forty-eight states) in favor of farmers and little folk with as much helpfulness and liberality as it had been exerted for banks and railroads. In his term the relative purchasing power of farmers has risen from 50 to 90. With this, farm income has gone up $3,000,000,000. Because of the beneficial effects of farm prosperity on the rest of the country, "the farm program instead of burdening consumers as a group has actually given them net benefits." The President hit out at food middlemen and decried violent fluctuations in farm commodity prices. He said: "We are regaining a more fair balance among the groups that constitute the nation and we must look to the factors that will make that balance stable." He then vigorously applauded the efforts of the nation's "agencies of government" to give the country a better life.

Pathways to Recovery.—The National Association of Manufacturers adopted an anti-New Deal "Platform for American Industry" at a session in New York, December 5. This statement branded as "reactionary and coercive" the administration's opposition to the "progressive American system of voluntary and individual enterprise" guaranteed by the Constitution. As impediments to recovery it cited attempts to regulate and control production, regulation of financing, hours and wages, and relations between worker and employer. It called for curtailment of government expenditures, maintenance of a fixed gold standard, limitation of government supervision of banking and credit. The American system of free competition was said to offer the greatest promise of recovery and social progress. In reply William Green of the American Federation of Labor declared the platform was "entirely negative in character." He quoted Doctor Moulton of the Brookings Institution to the effect that "the primary need of the economic system is the broad diffusion of the total income among the masses of the people." Secretary Wallace reiterated his advocacy of larger imports as the only means of selling American farm surpluses, together with "a domestic policy that maintains a distribution of the national income which will enable many potential buyers to become actual buyers." Somewhere between these two camps, opposed both to "bureaucratic" and "monopoly" control, was candidate William E. Borah, who also cited the impartial findings of the Brookings Institution and declared that the way out was the abolishing of monopolies, economic dictatorships and arbitrary prices. Meanwhile, despite convincing studies proving the impracticality of their plan, the Townsendites continued their quiet but effective campaign to muster truly impressive strength for the Seventy-fifth Congress next month.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Eva Le Gallienne

THE VANISHING of Miss Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company has been one of the saddest things in the history of the American theatre. Unlike the Washington Square Players, which underwent a rebirth in the inauguration of the Theatre Guild, or the Provincetown Theatre, which disintegrated when its vitality had passed, Miss Le Gallienne's creation passed away at the very height of its power and usefulness. The Civic Repertory Company was the most gallant venture ever undertaken in the New York theatre, the only one which ever dared really to carry out the repertory system, and in addition to present the classics of the world's repertory at prices within the reach of everyone. Its failure did not lie in the non-response of the public; the public rarely failed to fill the house. The reason was that the cost of giving plays as well as the Civic company gave them was too great, and a Maecenas was necessary. While that Maecenas lasted the Fourteenth Street Theatre was a Mecca to all who loved what was best in the theatre, but when the depression forced him to discontinue his support, deficits could no longer be met and Miss Le Gallienne had to turn northward to Broadway, and later to the road. Yet deprived though she has been of a permanent home Miss Le Gallienne has never for a moment wavered in her artistic integrity; she has given only the best, and in the best manner she is able to give it. Last year in her New York engagement we had "L'Aiglon" and "Hedda Gabler"; this year we have "Rosmersholm," "Camille" and Quintero's two plays, "A Sunny Morning" and "The Women Have Their Way." The last three she has given often before, but "Rosmersholm" is a newcomer to her repertory.

The character of Rebecca West has for some strange reason always fascinated actresses, and even today it possesses moments of power and intellectual subtlety. But the play itself has worn badly. The two first acts with their vague discussions of long-past struggles of liberal against conservative are today unmitigated bores, and even the last act, when the drama becomes more personal, is by no means as thrilling as it was in late Victorian times. Its morbidity and its glorification of suicide are today only rather amusing proofs that Ibsen, the realist, was often but a romanticist gone giddy in the head. What is interesting in the play today is its admirable construction, and we marvel as we watch every joint fit inevitably into the next. There are no waste speeches, no waste movements—but after all that is simply saying that it is a play by Ibsen. As a model for playwrights "Rosmersholm" is excellent to watch, but the general audience finds little meat in it in this year 1935. Needless to say Miss Le Gallienne threw herself into the part of Rebecca with all her vigor and intelligence. She gave a beautifully articulated and exquisitely subtle performance, and there were moments when she even made us sympathize with Rebecca's tortured soul. Yet despite her efforts the final result was singularly futile, the fault of the play, not the actress. Miss Le Gallienne's support was not always as happy as it has been sometimes in the past. Donald Cameron was earnest enough as Rosmer, but Hugh Buckler was a very actorish Ulric Brendel, and Averell Harris rather colorless as Professor Kroll. "Rosmersholm" is not one of Miss Le Gallienne's more successful productions. (At the Shubert Theatre.)

May Wine

"MAY WINE" is in the tradition of Viennese operetta, even though its music is by Sigmund Romberg, its book by Frank Mandel based on a story by Wallace Smith and Eric Von Stroheim, and its lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. It is also in most respects a very charming example of that tradition. It has charm, delicacy of sentiment, is practically void of vulgarity, though there are one or two equivocal situations, the music is gracious if undistinguished, and most of the singing excellent. It tells the story of an impecunious Baroness who marries a young professor for his money, or rather is married to him by an equally impecunious Baron, whom she thinks she loves, but who loves the money she will get from her husband better than he loves her. In the end she realizes that she has learned to love her husband, and sends the Baron away. This is a story often told in operetta, but Mr. Mandel has given it some novel twists and situations, and Mr. Romberg had clothed it in melodies, heard perhaps before, but always heard gratefully. And since it is the only operetta in town, it ought to do well.

It ought to do particularly well because of the way it is given. Nancy McCord is charming to look at and sings well as the Baroness, Walter Woolf King has distinction and a voice as the Baron, and Walter Slezak, even though he has no voice, makes the Professor pathetic and yet sympathetic. There are other excellent artists, including Patricia Calvert, the always delightful Leo Carroll, this time in a part quite unworthy of his powers, and Robert C. Fischer in a part which he makes the most of. There is no chorus, but a large cast. The settings by Raymond Sovey are excellent. The success of "May Wine" will depend on whether or not New York audiences still respond to a musical play which has for a basis neither jazz nor horse-play. The success in the legitimate theatre of such plays as "Pride and Prejudice" and "Remember the Day" are at least of good omen. These plays have proved that quiet charm can still enthrall a New York audience. Indeed such plays have brought back to the theatre an audience that was rapidly being driven to the movies by the triumph of crude realism on the speaking stage. Let us hope that "May Wine" will lend its aid in the musical field. (At the St. James Theatre.)

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The Screen

By JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM

Tale of Two Cities

THE BEAUTY of Dickens's immortal romance intensifies, its power becomes more potent, in the transition from the printed page to the more expansive medium of the screen.

Historical authenticity following the author's interpretation of the French Revolution, climaxed in the storming of the Bastille and the tragic death of Sydney Carton (Ronald Colman), together with a most remarkable performance by an illustrious assemblage, fully reflect the sincere effort that evidently was expended to mold a truly moving reproduction of Mr. Dickens's classic with all its hates and counterplots, tender love and gallant sacrifice.

The effectiveness of the suffering, desperation and destructive revenge of the rabbles is great. There is as profound an emotional incitement as that which flared at the beginning of the new France in the rising by the oppressed in their rags to turn the crude implements of rebellion against their silk-and-satined oppressors, the vortex of social upset catching helpless innocents. Dickens's "Two Cities" is a commendable cinema successor to his "David Copperfield" of last winter. David Selznick in Hollywood created both.

I Dream Too Much

THE MOTION picture debut of petite Lily Pons, the fragile diva, will be a pleasant surprise to cinema followers, for they will find a sparkling, lovable new personality who carries from the stage of the opera a great voice that is set on film as naturally and capably as the performance of an established cinema comedienne, to the music and laughter of a musical comedy bubbling with fun.

The rubber-stamp idea of an operatic triumph at any price, which almost invariably has marked the previous screen appearances of opera stars, is stressed only slightly. Annette (Lily Pons), poor and obscure French miss with a rare voice, disregarding operatic tradition, sets aside any ambitions for a career in favor of home and baby with a young taxicab husband (Henry Fonda), who has ambitions to write music. His fame arrives through her successful efforts and her voice in his musical comedy.

Miss Pons has full opportunity to display her vocal gifts, which especially impress in her rendition of the brilliant arias, the "Bell Song" from Delibes's "Lakme" and the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto." These scenes, however, are merely highlights that bring into sharper relief the yearning of a young girl for the pure joy of living, a joy that is felt while she is perched on a merry-go-round singing to a small urchin the chanson of "The Jockey on the Carrousel."

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Books

The Year's Elite among Books

FOR SOME reason or other it is assumed that editorial staffs possess the right to effect an annual separation of literary wheat from the chaff. We doubt not a bit, however, that some of the most interesting and worth-while books of the season are missing from the following and all similar lists. The intention is to provide, during this eventful season, a kind of shoppers' guide to the bewildered seeker after an honest tome. No single work is guaranteed to be fool-proof in every respect. We have tried to eliminate what we consider banal or offensive, and we have included a somewhat larger number of Catholic books than the secular chooser would include. If assistance is rendered thereby, we shall be grateful. But if we lead some friend on what he eventually considers a wild goose chase, we shall remind him of the ancient diagnosis of taste's diversity.

And now for a few novels. Women have certainly held their own, with Mary Ellen Chase's "Silas Crockett" (Macmillan. $2.50), Willa Cather's "Lucy Gayheart" (Knopf. $2.00), Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron" (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50), and Rachel Field's "Time Out of Mind" (Macmillan. $2.50). The two principal male efforts were probably Thornton Wilder's "Heaven's My Destination" (Harper. $2.50), and Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River" (Scribner's. $3.00). Votes of approval have likewise been cast for R. P. T. Coffin's "Red Sky in the Morning" (Macmillan. $2.50), Maurice Walsh's "Green Rushes" (Stokes. $2.50), and Francis Brett Young's "White Ladies" (Harper. $2.50). Our choice among translations are "The Wish Child," by Ina Seidel (Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75), and (with reservations) "Young Joseph," by Thomas Mann (Knopf. $2.50). Catholic novels of varying interest and merit are: Sigrid Undset's "The Longest Years" (Knopf. $2.00), Helen White's "Not Built with Hands" (Macmillan. $2.50), William Thomas Walsh's "Out of the Whirlwind" (McBride. $2.50) and Lucille Borden's "White Hawthorn" (Macmillan. $2.50).

If you are interested in poetry, this is a fruitful year. From the "Collected Plays" of William Butler Yeats (Macmillan. $3.50) to "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace. $1.50), is a long way, but the trip is worth making. There is also the important "Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson (Little, Brown. $7.50). Newer books by American poets include R. P. Tristram Coffin's "Strange Holiness" (Macmillan. $1.50), Daniel Sargent's "God's Ambuscade" (Longmans. $2.00), and Father Leonard Feeney's "Boundaries" (Macmillan. $1.25). From England and Ireland come Laurence Whistler's "Four Walls" (Macmillan. $1.25), Thomas McGreevey's "Poems" (Viking. $1.25), and Elizabeth Daryush's "Verses: Fourth Book" (Oxford. $2.00).

Of biography and personal record there is so much that one can satisfy almost every mood and taste. Were we

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forced to limit ourselves to three volumes, our choice would be: "Thomas More," by R. W. Chambers (Harcourt, Brace. $3.75), "God's Soldier: General William Booth," by St. John Ervine (Macmillan. $7.50), and Anne Lindbergh's "North to the Orient" (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50). But other titles race close behind these. Derek Patmore's "Portrait of My Family" (Harper. $3.75), Edgar Lee Masters's "Vachel Lindsay" (Scribner's. $3.00), Hilaire Belloc's "Milton" (Lippincott. $4.00) and Grant C. Knight's "James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition" (University of North Carolina. $2.50) are samples of the newer literary biography. American subjects are dealt with in Clarence Day's "Life with Father" (Knopf. $2.00), Mari Sandoz's "Old Jules" (Little, Brown. $3.00), Francis X. Talbot's "A Saint among Savages" (Harper. $3.50), and James Weber Linn's "Jane Addams" (Appleton-Century. $3.50). From other climes spring Evelyn Waugh's "Edmund Campion" (Sheed and Ward. $2.50), T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" (Doubleday, Doran. $5.00), Pierre Crabitès's "Benes" (Routledge. 12/6) and Beatrice White's "Mary Tudor" (Macmillan. $5.00). Our selection from the year's memoirs is: Sir Esme Howard's "Theatre of Life" (Little, Brown. $3.50), David Lamson's "We Who Are about to Die" (Scribner's. $2.50) and Ernest Dimnet's "My Old World" (Simon and Schuster. $2.50). Douglas Freeman's monumental "Robert E. Lee" was completed during the year (Scribner's. Four volumes: $3.75 each). For good measure we add the following: "Roger B. Taney," by Carl Brent Swisher (Macmillan. $5.00), "The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne," edited by Marvin Lowenthal (Houghton Mifflin. $3.00), and "The Cast-Iron Man: John C. Calhoun" (Longmans. $3.00). One of the best books of the year—perhaps a "classic"—is Walter de la Mare's "Early One Morning" (Macmillan. $5.00).

More solidly historical than the average reader requires for his easy chair, but uncommonly useful none the less, are the three published volumes of "European Civilization," edited by Edward Eyre (Oxford. $5.25 each), the second volume of "A History of the Church," by Philip Hughes (Sheed and Ward. $4.00), and "The United States: 1830-1850," by Frederick J. Turner (Holt. $4.50). Three interesting contributions to the history of the war period have appeared: "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters," Volume V, by Ray Stannard Baker (Doubleday, Doran. $4.00), "The Campaign of the Marne," by Sewell T. Tyng (Longmans. $3.75), and "A History of the Great War," by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell (Oxford. $5.50). We enjoyed Dana C. Munro's "Kingdom of the Crusaders" (Appleton-Century. $2.50).

Of aids to literary study there are many, notably such large-scale publications as "The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges; The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon" (Oxford. $10.00), "The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb," edited by E. V. Lucas (Yale. $18.00), and "Mark Twain's Notebook," edited by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper. $4.00). From among the other books

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we choose: Richard Dana Skinner's "Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest" (Longmans. $2.00), Willard L. Sperry's "Wordsworth's Anti-Climax" (Harvard. $2.50), "The Victorians and Their Reading," by Amy Cruse (Houghton Mifflin. $4.00), "The Fays of the Abbey Theatre," by W. G. Fay and Catherine Carswell (Harcourt, Brace. $3.50), and "Dictionary of Modern American Usage," by H. W. Horwill (Oxford. $3.25).

The rain patters no more steadily on an April day than do publishers' announcements of new books on various aspects of the contemporary American scene. We venture somewhat timidly the following selection: "The Road to War," by Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin. $3.50), "A Better Economic Order," by John A. Ryan (Harper. $2.50), "Land of the Free," by Herbert Agar (Houghton Mifflin. $3.50), "The Will to Freedom," by Ross J. Hoffman (Sheed and Ward. $1.50), "The Liberal Tradition," by Lewis W. Douglas (Van Nostrand. $1.50), "The Citizen and His Government," by Alfred E. Smith (Harper. $2.50), "The Blue Eagle from Egg to Earth," by Hugh S. Johnson (Doubleday, Doran. $3.00), "The Formation of Capital," by Harold G. Moulton (Brookings Institution. $2.50), "The Du Pont Dynasty," by John K. Winkler (Reynal. $3.00), "Black Reconstruction," by W. E. B. Du Bois (Harcourt, Brace. $4.50), "Government in a Planned Democracy," by A. N. Holcombe (Norton. $2.00), "Our Enemy the State," by Albert Jay Nock (Morrow. $2.25), "America Faces the Barricades," by John L. Spivak (Covici-Friede. $2.50), and "The Gay Reformer," by Mauritz A. Hallgren (Knopf. $2.50).

Anent the foreign scene, we recommend "I Was Hitler's Prisoner," by Stefan Lorrant (Putnam. $2.75), "The Russian Revolution," by William Henry Chamberlin (Macmillan. $10.00), "Like a Mighty Army," by George N. Shuster (Appleton-Century. $2.00), "Blood-Drenched Altars," by Bishop Francis Clement Kelley (Bruce. $3.00), "Chaos in Mexico," by Charles S. Macfarland (Harper. $2.00), "A History of National Socialism," by Konrad Heiden (Knopf. $3.00), and—a very scholarly work—"The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902," by William L. Langer (Knopf. $7.50). Regretfully enough, we pass by much else of interest in this demesne.

On various aspects of religion and philosophy there is also a vast literature. Importance cannot be denied to such books as "Man the Unknown," by Alexis Carrel (Harper. $3.00), "Polarity," by Erich Przywara (Oxford. $3.00), and "The Two Sources of Morality and Religion," by Henri Bergson (Holt. $3.00). But possibly most readers will prefer "Science and the Supernatural," by Arnold Lunn and J. B. S. Haldane (Sheed and Ward. $3.00), and "In Quest of Beauty," by Dom Willibrod Verkade (Kenedy. $2.00). We sincerely recommend the following also: "A Philosophy of Form," by E. I. Watkin (Sheed and Ward. $3.75); "The Mystical Body of Christ," by Fulton J. Sheen (Sheed and Ward. $2.50); "Christian Art," by C. R. Morey (Longmans. $1.75); "Mirage and Truth," by M. C. D'Arcy (Macmillan. $1.75); "The Pilgrim's Regress,"

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by C. S. Lewis (Sheed and Ward. $2.25), and "The Well and the Shadows," by G. K. Chesterton (Sheed and Ward. $2.50).

Nor must we fail to recall that two reference works have been brought to completion during the year: "The Columbia Encyclopedia" (Columbia. $17.50), a one-volume *tout ensemble* which has many virtues, and "Der Grosse Herder," a German Catholic general encyclopedia of rare merit.

Don't forget the poor author!

THE EDITORS.

A Starry Sheaf

God's Ambuscade. A Book of Poems, by Daniel Sargent. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

"GOD'S AMBUSCADE" is in many ways a provocative little book, often a very precious little book; to have it from the president of the Catholic Poetry Society of America augurs well for the good estate of contemporary verse and the Catholic mind.

It is evident the two strongest influences upon Mr. Sargent's poetry have been the Catholic religion and his young daughter's sense of joy in the world about her. Nearly all of the verses could be read aloud for her delight—"Hay Lofts" (an irregular sonnet but a charming lyric) and "Sparrows," the songs of "May" and "June" and of "Guardian Angels"—although these are not what we are accustomed to call children's poems. "Courtesy," whose title recalls a very different but unforgettable poem by Belloc, is one of the most enchanting—and most definitely Sargentesque. It begins:

"Blessed be God who made such pretty birches
And spent such gold in dandelions' crowns.
He made small swallows flying o'er great churches,
Made little fish that gaze from streams at towns."

There are other verses haunted by

"the darkness in God's plan,
His failure, Man:"

but the dramatic narratives of Cain and of Golgotha are scarcely those which themselves haunt when the book is laid aside. It is not easy, however, to throw off the memory of those verses dealing with death: and "The Last Day" is a poem of the resurrection of the body quite breathtaking in its simple acceptance of the stupendous. The same note, its drama and imagery even more highly concentrated, sings through Mr. Sargent's superb meditation upon "Magnificence":

"Which makes the thunder-cloud mount from the sea,
And a herd of deer charge suddenly over a hill,
And in the jungle a python suddenly
Ripple a coil that lay like a tree-limb still.
And which shall make the skeletons that have died—
That long have lain in weltering of the tomb—
Arise at last dawn-lit, electrified,
To stand like nine-pins on the Field of Doom."

So starry a sheaf of verses, issued just at the Christmas season, is one of the blessings for which Charles Lamb would have wished to offer up thanksgiving.

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Saints Made Human

Sunshine and Saints, by Daisy H. Moseley. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.50.

TEN short biographies based on an impressive number of the authoritative studies of the saints comprise this attractive volume. Its authenticity, although unhappily nowhere vouched for in the book, is particularly welcome because too often in the juvenile religious field popular legend and pious fancy have taken the place of ascertainable facts. Thanks to the author's European travels Assisi, Siena, Lisieux and other scenes of action are imbued with a strong sense of actuality. Each of the heroes of these glowing pages manifests a marked individuality, but almost all of them are alike in their special devotion to the Mass and to the Blessed Eucharist. The book is filled with warm human touches, and at times, as in the sketches of Joan of Arc and Isaac Jogues, with thrilling action, but it is most notable for the depth of its spiritual feeling. Of all the chapters perhaps the most moving sensitively describes illiterate Bernadette Soubirous, to whom, at the age of fourteen, the Blessed Mother appeared at the grotto at Lourdes no less than sixteen times. Our Lady "smiled on her with marvellous sweetness" and taught her an especially reverent way of making the sign of the cross. "Sunshine and Saints" is an excellent Christmas gift for children from ten to fifteen; for many an adult it would serve as an admirable introduction to the lives of the saints.

Very Clever

Boundaries, by Leonard Feeney, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

LYRICAL whimseys that are infinitely more than whimseys—this slender book. Visualize this poet as one whistling gay tunes, yet thinking earnest thoughts; for that is he. Serious, yet he never gets serious. What a refreshing interlude from the weighty "alases" all around us! The motive behind priesthood could not be held up in a 1,000-word monograph more graphically than in the thirty-two short Anglo-Saxon words of "The Bee." The religiousness of these poems is inevitable, not militant. More literally whimsical than the rest, page 35 chuckles at the Britisher with a superlative cleverness. An unusual book of poems.

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